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MASTERPIECES

FROM

SWEDISH LITERATURE

IN

ENGLISH FORM

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POETRY

E. TEGNÉR.

E. TEGNÉR.

Frithiof and Ingeborg.

There grew in Hilding's garden fair
Two plants beneath his fostering care.
So gloriously the twain forth-flourished
Their equal ne'er the Northland nourished.

The one grew forth an oak-tree tall
With lance-like stem, robust withal,
Its crown a helmet plume full-flowing,
When breezes through the leaves are blowing.

The other like a rose shot forth
When tardy Winter quits the North,
But in the buds, with purple gleaming,
A fairer Spring still lies a-dreaming.

When tempests round the earth shall rave,
The oak-tree must their fury brave,
But vernal sunbeams, warm and golden,
Shall see the rose's buds unfolden.

Thus grew the twain in mirth and glee,
And Frithiof was the young oak-tree,
And, blooming in the vale serenely,
The rose was Ingeborg the queenly.

Saw ye the pair by daylight's spell,
'Twere like in Freya's hall to dwell,
Where round the goddess dance her minions
With golden hair and rosy pinions.

But spying them on moonlit glade
Round-circling in the leafy shade,
The elf-king's self, ye'd think, advances,
Leading his queen in fairy dances.

How proud, how joyous was the day
When first he learned his runes to say!
No prince laid half the stress upon them,
With which to Ingeborg he'd con them.

In tiny craft how merrily
He sailed with her the deep blue sea,
His every feat of dexterous steering
She heartily with white hands cheering.

No bird had hung so high its nest
But he would search at her behest.
The home of eaglets, vainly savage,
For her sake oft would Frithiof ravage.

There flowed no freshet, howe'er swift,
But o'er it he would Ing'borg lift —
How sweetly, when the torrent frightened,
Around his neck her soft arms tightened!

The first sweet blossom born of Spring,
The first of berries ripening,
The first ear, gleaned from harvests golden,
To proffer her he was beholden.

* *

But fleet are childhood's sunny days —
There stands a youth with ardent gaze,
And, fired by hope, his manly bosom
Sues for a maid with charms in blossom.

The perilous chase he oft pursued;
Such rashness many a man had rued,
For weaponless the youth undaunted
Would seek the lairs the wild bear haunted.

In many a wrestle breast to breast
The huntsman won, though sorely pressed,
And homeward turned with bear-skin laden;
Such trophies pleased the anxious maiden.

For dauntless deeds will maids beguile;
Strength merits well young beauty's smile,
Each one the other's grace completing,
Like brow and helmet, aptly meeting.

When of a weary winter's night
He read alone, by fireside light,
Of gods and goddesses the story,
And of high Valhall's radiant glory,

He mused: "Of gold is Freya's hair,
A grainfield waving to the air;
But Ingeborg's, more rich and precious
Fair rose and lily charms enmeshes.

Though Idun's snowy bosom thrills
With life beneath its silken frills,
I know a silk whose fold encloses
Twin elves of light with budding roses.

The eyes af Freya, blue and bright,
Reflect but heaven's cerulean light.
But eyes I know whose kindly twinkle
The sunlit sky with stars might sprinkle.

And Gerda's cheeks — why praise them so,
The north-lights on the driven snow?
I know of cheeks — a dawn that blushes
And heaven with twin Auroras flushes.

I know a heart in love as strong
As Nanna's, though unknown to song.
And Nanna's love in minstrel story
They reckon, Balder, thy chief glory.

Oh, for the joy, in death to know
A faithful maiden's tears will flow!
To prove a love less true, nor fonder,
To Hel's abode I'd gladly wander."

Meanwhile the princess sat and sung
Of heroes, and the shuttle flung,
The story's features deftly weaving,
And greening groves and blue waves heaving.

There grew into the snow-white wool
Bright shields from off the golden spool,
While blood-red gleam the battle-lances
And silvery gray each armor glances.

But day by day, weave how she will,
The hero's face is Frithiof's still,
And as the busy shuttle rushes,
Surprised, yet pleased, the maiden blushes.

But Frithiof, wandering listlessly,
Carves *I* and *F* in many a tree.
The runes, like youthful hearts troth-plighted,
Each passing day grow more united.

When day pervades the upper air,
The world-king of the golden hair,
And men do stir and surge and gather,
The twain but think of one another.

When night pervades the upper air,
The world-queen of the raven hair,
And stars the welkin pace together,
the twain but dream one of the other.

"Thou Earth, bedecked each spring-tide fair,
With flowers in thy bounteous hair,
Thy choicest give, with wreaths untarnished
Then shall my Frithiof's brow be garnished."

"Thou Ocean, whose benighted hall
With gems and pearls is studded all,
Thy fairest yield that I may find them,
About my Ing'borg's neck to bind them."

"Eye of the world, refulgent Sun,
High-pinnacled on Odin's throne.
Might I but from thy fastness tear thee,
His golden shield should Frithiof wear thee."

"Lamp of Allfather, lit by night,
Thou radiant Moon of silvery light,
Wert thou but mine, thou crescent beaming
Full soon in Ing'borg's hair sat gleaming." —

But Hilding quoth: "My foster-son,
By partial Norns man's fate is spun.
Were wisdom thine, thou ne'er hadst sought her:
The maiden is king Bele's daughter.

"To Odin's halls in starlit sky,
Ascends her regal ancestry, –
And thou, a yeoman's son. — Together
Thrive best the fowl of equal feather."

But Frithiof smiled: "From wood and fell
My royal lineage I tell:
The forest king I slew, his merit
I with his ermine robe inherit.

"The free-born yeoman ne'er will yield:
'Tis his, the world's unconquered field.
Fortune can mend whate'er is broken, —
A crown is Hope's imperial token.

"All might is noble; Thor, its sire,
In Thrudwang dwells, where worth ranks higher
Than lofty birth, but strength is leader, —
The sword was e'er a mighty pleader.

"I'll dare a world for my young bride,
E'en though the Thunderer defied. —
Grow bravely thou, sweet lily, never
Shall mortal hand our beings sever

E. W. Olson.

Frithiof's Courtship.

Well songs may peal in the chieftain's hall
And skalds the deeds of his sires recall,
No joy it bringeth
To Frithiof; he heeds not what minstrel singeth.

Again is the earth clad in vernal green,
And ships plough the ocean's glittering sheen.
But Frithiof wanders
The moonlit woods and in silence ponders.

But now, full happy he seemed and glad,
For cheerful king Halfdan to feast he bade,
And Helge, the gloomy,
And forth with the brothers came Ingeborg bloomy.

He sat by her side and her soft hand pressed,
And felt in secret his own caressed,
And, all enchanted,
On sweet charms gazed that to view were granted.

Of by-gone days, when dewy and bright
Lay the morning of life, they would tell with delight,
Of childhood pleasures,
In memory's garden the cherished treasures.

She bore him greeting from vale and park,
From names deep carved in the white birch bark,
From mounds where flourished
The oaks, by the dust of dead heroes nourished.

"The court is to me but a prison drear,
For Halfdan is childish and Helge severe,
And, nothing heeding,
The twain but hearken to praise and pleading.

"There's no one (she blushed like a rose, and sighed)
To whom I may freely my cares confide.
The palace harbors
But grief; — how I long for my former arbors!

"The doves that together we tamed and fed,
By hawks affrighted, away have fled,
But one pair only. —
Take thou the one, I will keep the lonely.

"He will long like another his friend to be nigh,
And homeward, forsooth, he will straightway fly.
Your message, bind it
Beneath his fleet pinion, where none may find it."

Thus whispering sat they the live long day,
And whispered still in the evening gray.
Thus breathes in whispers
Through green boughs Zephyr his vernal vespers.

Alas! she has gone, and Frithiof's gay heart
With her. The young blood to his cheeks would start
And glow and tingle,
While sighing he sat, all lone and single.

His grief he recounted and sent with the dove
Which gladly sped off with the message of love.
With tender yearning
It seeks its mate with no thought of returning.

Such conduct pleased not the sturdy Björn,
Said he: "Have the wings of our eagle been shorn,
That he sits moping?
As if he were wounded beyond all hoping?

"What wouldst thou, Frithiof? Have we not still
Of flesh of swine, and brown ale our fill,
And poets harping —
Their ceaseless din one's very soul warping?

"What for the coursers that paw their stalls?
For chase impatient, the falcon calls;
While Frithiof chaseth
But clouds, and tearfully starward gazeth.

"Ellida is restless upon the main,
She chafes and frets at her anchor chain.
Be still, my treasure!
For peace, not strife is thy master's pleasure.

"Who dies on the couch, dies too, 'tis said;
My own blood, like Odin, at last will I shed,
A welcome gaining,
At last, in the realm where grim Hel is reigning."—

Then Frithiof his dragon let loose to roam; —
The black sails swell, and the wild waves foam;
And swiftly over
The fiord to the king's court she bore the rover.

On Bele's barrow the brother kings sate
To mete out justice and govern the state;
But Frithiof unfearing
Advanced and spake in the people's hearing:

"Ye kings! My heart is with Ing'borg the fair:
Her hand in wedlock — this is my prayer.
Your sire intended,
In sooth, that our lives in one be blended.

"He reared us together in Hilding's sight,
Two young trees growing, whose tops unite,
And Freya bound them
Together firmly with golden chord round them.

"My father was neither jarl nor king,
Still his fame lives on while yet skalds shall sing,
And rune-stones story
The deeds of my sires and their well-earned glory.

"I well might win me a crown and more,
Yet choose I to dwell on my native shore,
In willing dotage
To shield the realm and protect the cottage.

"'We stand conversing on Bele's mound:
In his cavern below he heareth each sound.
With me he pleadeth —
'The will of his sire the wise son heedeth.'"

Then up stood king Helge and scornful replied
"The sister of kings a peasant's bride!
Let kings endeavor,
Not thou, to court of the princess favor.

"Boast freely that men would thee hero style;
Win men with thy arm's strength and women with wile,
But blood so lofty
I give not to peasant, howe'er bold and crafty.

"My kingdom hath need of not service of thine;
I guard it alone; yet wouldst thou be mine,
A place to proffer
I have in my household — and that I offer."

"I'll scarce be thy man," was Frithiof's reply;
"My sire served no master, no master serve I!
From silvery dwelling
Fly, Angurvadel, the shame repelling!"

Now forth from its scabbard the blue steel flew,
And redder each moment the war-runes grew.
"My good sword loyal,
Thy lineage, at least," quoth Frithiof, "is royal.

"And but for the peace that should barrows crown,
On the spot had I hewn thee, swarthy king, down,
Yet would I teach thee —
Beware henceforth lest my good sword reach thee."

This said, he cleft with a single blow
King Helge's gold-shield that hung on a bough.
It fell asunder
In two halves, and rang 'gainst the cairn there under.

"Well done, my good blade! Lie still and dream
Of nobler exploits; hide, meanwhile, the gleam
Of rune-traced slaughter.
Now sail we homeward o'er dark blue water."

E. W. Olson.

Frithiof at Chess.

Björn and Frithiof, both contending,
O'er a splendid chess-board bending,
Vie in skill with one another
On the checkered battle-field.

In came Hilding. "Pray, come nigher",
Frithiof quoth, "and sit thee higher,
Drain a horn, kind foster-father,
Till the weaker foe shall yield."

Hilding quoth: "King Bele's heirs
Send me hither with their prayers.
Evil tidings round them hover,
All the land on thee relies."

Frithiof quoth: "The foe encroaches,
Danger, Björn, thy king approaches!
Yet a pawn* may all recover;
Pawns were made to jeopardize." —

"Frithiof, anger kings no longer,
Eaglets' wings in time grow stronger;
Though with Ring they fear to wrestle,
Great their power is to thine." —

"Ah, thou threatenest my tower!
Deftly there I thwart thy power;
Hardly may thou storm the castle,
Walls and shields thy rage confine." —

* Swedish "bonde", meaning both pawn and peasant.

"Ingeborg, in Balder's keeping,
Sits and wastes the day in weeping,
Cannot *she* to arms incite thee,
She with tearful eyes of blue?" —

"Björn, thou striv'st the queen to capture,
Dear from childhood days of rapture,
Darling of the game! Despite thee
And all else, to her I'm true!" —

"Frithiof, wouldst thou leave unheeded
All thy foster-father pleaded;
Must, until yon child's-play endeth,
All unheard my suit remain?"

Frithiof now arises, laying
Hilding's hand in his, and saying:
"Naught my firm resolve unbendeth,
Thou hast heard it spoken plain!

"Bear my message back unvarnished
To the kings: my fame they've tarnished.
Duty bids not my compliance,
Their behest I'll ne'er obey!"

"Well, in thine own way abide thee,
For thy wrath I cannot chide thee;
Odin be our sole reliance!"
Hilding quoth and went his way.

E. W. Olson.

The Ride on the Ice.

King Ring his fair queen to a banquet did take,
The ice like a mirror o'erspread the lake.

"Pass not o'er the ice," the stranger saith,
"It breaks, and too deep is the chilly bath."

"A king," said Ring, "is not easily drowned,
He who's afraid, let him go around."

The stranger then threat'ning about him gazed,
He buckled his skates on his feet in haste.

The sledge-horse starts forth in his strength and glee,
He snorteth flames, for so glad is he.

"Strike out," cried the King, "my trotter good,
Let's see if you are of Sleipner's blood!"

They pass o'er the lake as the stormwinds fare,
The old man heeds not his fair queen's prayer.

But the steel-shod champion stands neither still,
He passeth by them whene'er he will.

He carves many runes in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg over her name doth ride.

Thus over the slippery course they go,
But treacherous Ran is lurking below.

A hole in her silvery roof strikes she,
And the horse and sledge are plunged in the sea.

Fair Ingeborg's cheek grew so white and pale,
Then comes the guest like a whirling gale.

In the ice he boreth his steel-shoes fast,
And grasps the mane of the horse in haste;

Then swings he the horse and the sledge in a trice
From the open sea to the solid ice.

"That feat," said the king, "was a splendid one,
E'en Frithiof the strong could no better have done."

Then back they all turned to the house of the king,
But the stranger remained as their guest until spring.

ALFRED J. HOLMES.

Alexander at the Hydaspes.

O'er the Indus, o'er the Ganges,
Dionysus journeyed far
Ivy-crowned, and myriad maenads
Followed his triumphal car.
Hear the shouts of joy and gladness,
Hear the music, see the dance,
See the revelry and madness
Where the Bacchic crowds advance.

For the happy land of sunrise
Ammon's son shall sigh in vain;
Lands that Dionysus conquered
Alexander may not gain:
For the soldiers will not follow.
Hear their sad despondent sounds:
"Think about our home, our Hellas,
Let Hydaspes be thy bounds."

Fools, do you presume to teach me
What our Hellas is? I fear
It is but the place to squander
Spoils that you have gathered here.
There will tell his deeds of valor
He whose breast now quakes with fear,
And his exploits there be telling
He who always trembled here.

When from Macedonia's mountains
But a youth I led the way,
Was it gold I sought or treasures
Which will perish in a day?
Were the mystic plains of Asia
With their wealth before me spread,
When I fought at the Granicus,
When at Issus' pass we bled?

All for glory, but for glory
Stands the banner I've unfurled;
Light and culture I would carry
Forth from Hellas to the world.
To dispel the shades of sorrow,
Joy and gladness to restore
Dionysus brought his blessings;
I bring light, and that is more.

Dionysus, god of pleasure,
Oft brings sorrow and disgrace,
But enlightenment's the treasure
I would leave in every place.
Hence the cities I have founded
Everywhere, on every hand,
That the glorious songs of Hellas
May be known in every land.

Such is the approved ambition
That the Stagerite has taught;
Though his voice may now be silent,
Yet his memory is not.
Like Hellenes we do honor
Beauty, love, and social mirth:
Dionysus and Cythere
Often charm the sons of earth.

Love and Wine—long may they flourish!
Oft they've soothed my troubled mind,
But within the silver casket
Only Homer's song you'll find.
Savagery and barbarism,
Let them perish from the earth:
Human brotherhood and justice
In my kingdom shall have birth.

Lo! the sacred priests of Ammon
Did declare my birth divine,
And supposed they caused a radiance
On my destined fate to shine.
Long ere that, howe'er, I knew it,
Felt it in my inmost soul,
Heard celestial voices calling
To a nobler, higher goal.

In the Orient's mystic evenings
To my mind reverts the thought:
For this cause we bled at Issus,
On Arbela's plains we fought.
For through strife alone can triumph
What is beautiful and true;
Every hero meets resistance,
And his triumphs are but few.

Let me still believe that heroes
Are of origin divine,
Born to exercise dominion
Where they've caused the light to shine.
Many there have been before me,
Many there will yet arise
To dispel the night and darkness
Like bright meteors in the skies.

So farewell, ye lands of sunrise,
  Fair Aurora's lands, farewell!
But the mind of Alexander
  Yet on you shall ever dwell.
Hellas' tongue and Hellas' customs,
  Seeds of culture and of art,
Which I planted here among you,
  From your midst shall ne'er depart.

And their harvests shall be gathered
  When my spirit shall have fled;
And the wise of earth shall gather
  At my grave their wreaths to spread.
'Neath the canopy of heaven
  Silently I then shall lie,
But the name of Alexander
  And his fame shall never die.

Not your pale cheeks, faithless soldiers,
  Nor Hydaspes' swelling force
Is a check to Alexander
  On his bold, victorious course;
But a still, small voice is whispering,
  Whispering oft to Ammon's son:
"The solution to life's riddles
  Waits for thee at Babylon."

C. W. Foss.

Ode to the Sun.

Thee a song will I sing
Thou great, radiant sun!
Round thy throne, like a king,
When existence begun
Thou the planets didst place
As thy vassals; dost glance
At thy worshipers' dance,
But in light is thy race.

Lo! all nature is dead.
Night, the friend of the ghosts
And of terror, hath thrown
O'er its splendor a pall.
Lo, the lamps that are spread
By the heavenly hosts!
How the shadows have grown
In the mourner's dark hall!

But thou risest again
On the East's purple strand:
Like a rose after rain
The creations expand.
They get color and life
As thou lookst at the same —
At the sea in its strife,
At the mountains aflame.

Life's great river (whose waves
Had been frozen and still
And stood fixed like the graves)
Gently flows at thy will;

Until down glance thine eyes
To the hall of the West,
Where for Hope's longing sighs,
After Virtue's fierce war,
To the home of the blest
Throws the portals ajar.

Tell me: doth not the length
Of thy course yet thee tire?
Dost not rest thou desire,
Though a giant's thy strength?
Roll the centuries may —
Thou dost always return,
Whilst of youth thou dost burn,
With no hair turning gray;
Like a hero, dost stand
On thy wide-shining field:
And thy armies so grand
Move on safe and alive,
As the sceptre thou dost wield
By the Almighty's code.
But an hour shall arrive
When thy great flaming sphere
Shall with thunder explode,
And the peal shall resound
From the center to here,
(Like the archangel's crime);
Whilst the worlds all around
In confusion shall fall
On thy wide-crumbled ball,
And the fleet-footed Time,
Like an eagle just shot,
Falls down dead on the spot.--

Then an angel shall soar,
Whére thou swamst once of yore
Like a great golden swan
On the ocean's blue face.

He in silence looks down
On the desolate space,
But not thee shall he find;
For the trial hath ceased,
And enough reconciled
And by love ever warm
Did the Infinite Mind
Lift thee up as a child
On His merciful arm.
Now in peace dost thou rest
At His fatherly breast,

Well! with joy then roll on
In thy splendor, thou globe,
For the Almighty One
Shall with glory thee robe.
When the long night is gone
I shall meet thee again
'Midst the heavenly throng.
Thou shalt be the refrain
Of my beautified song.

EDWARD AXON.

The Languages.

Greek.

Language of beauty and taste, thou native tongue of the Muses,
All the Olympian train, Pythia uttered but Greek.
Graceful as draperies fold on a youthful Athenian maiden,
Showest thou feelings and thoughts, givest thou beauty its form.

Latin.

Sharp is thy voice and strong as the clashing of swords, duly tempered,
Hard as the warrior behooves, rings thy imperial sound.
Proud, unpliable, poor, but from ruins mighty and awful,
Rulest thou nations and thoughts, givest thou order and form.

Italian.

Language of pleasure and love, most musical daughter of Latin,
Song is thy essence and life, music an echo of thee,
Great prima donna, remain and in melody sweet and enchanting
Sing of thy longings and dreams, sing of fair Italy's hope.

French.

Flattering, fickle, coquette, thy prattle how soft and alluring,
Often thy lisping is sweet, always genteel and polite.
Should we perchance no more proclaim thee as queen among sisters,
Still in a sociable chat gladly we listen to thee.
Spare us, we pray thee, thy song, it is like the dance of the deafmutes,
Busy, indeed, are their feet, only they do not keep time.

GERMAN.

Strong-limbed, healthy, robust as a maiden raised in the forest,
Beautiful, flexible, rich, only too wide is thy mouth,
Put in thy motion more life, lest ere the close of a sentence
We its beginning forget; speed is essential to wit.

ENGLISH.

Speech for the stammering made, thy words in a state embryonic
Strike at the kernel of things, give us their sense with despatch.
Time in thy busy domain was early conceived to be money,
Money is dear to thy folk; therefore thy words were made short.
Steam, impetuous steam, keeps England's machinery running.
Pity an engine improved cannot be geared to thy tongue.

SWEDISH.

Language of heroes and bards, how manly, how noble thou
movest,
Royal and bold is thy march, clear as from metal thy sound.
Dwell on the mountain-top thou, where thunder and storm sing
in chorus,
Lowland, valley and cave were not intended for thee.
Look in the lake, thy image behold and from masculine features
Wash every outlandish stain, wash, and be truly thyself.

KARL JANSSON.

J. L. RUNEBERG.

J. L. RUNEBERG.

Our Land.

Our land, our land, our fathers' land,
Where Heroes' spirits roam;
No mounts 'neath heav'n more proudly stand,
No valleys touched by magic wand,
More loved than our own native loam —
Our Northland hearth and home.

Our land is poor, and shall so be
For those who seek the gold;
Yet do we prize her gifts so free,
No people more content than we;
To us her bogs and cliffs untold
A secret sweet unfold.

Our fathers here their battles fought,
With spirit, sword, and plow;
In weal and woe their only thought
Was liberty, and this they sought;
In hope and trust they made a vow,
Not to the tyrant bow.

We love the rippling of our streams,
We love each dancing rill;
The forest dark through which there gleams
Our golden thread of sun's bright beams;
And all that eye can see now fill
Our hearts with love's sweet thrill.

And could we dwell in paradise,
'Mong gold-winged angels' throng;
And dance on stars in purple skies,
Where ne'er are known nor tears nor sighs,
To this, our land we still would long,
To sing our fathers' song.

Her withered rose shall bloom once more,
Her prayer shall answered be;
Through dales, on mounts, her sons adore,
Shall ring her joy as ne'er before;
A mighty chorus of the free —
The song of liberty.

CHARLES LINE.

Tell Me, Thou Little Warbler.

Tell me, thou little warbler
The elmtrees' leaves among,
How canst thou e'er be singing,
Ne'er be by sorrow stung?
I hear thy voice at sunrise,
I hear it every night;
But clear thy voice as wonted,
Thy tone is still as bright.

Thy store it is full scanty,
Full narrow is thy nest;
Yet look'st thou toward thy dwelling
And sing'st each time so blest.
Thou gather'st in no harvests,
And none for thee were meant;
Thou know'st not of the morrow,
And still thou art content.

Alas, there are so many
To whom earth's bounty fell,
Who owning lands and kingdoms,
In golden castles dwell,
Yet greet with sighs of sorrow
And eyes distained with tears
The sun whose hours of rising
E'en now thou soughtst with cheers.

How would not man be slighting
With scorn thy lowly state;
Yet less content, nay thankless
Does he accept his fate.

To crush thy tender bosom
He dares without a groan,
Yet thou thy lot art praising,
And he does curse his own.

Why does he glance to heaven
And cold and sullen rave?
What more has he to ask for,
When all his Maker gave?
When earthly joys are lying
Outspread his feet before —
Why on the slave look proudly,
And yearn and sigh for more?

Yes, sing, thou little warbler,
Of pleasure all along;
I never more shall mingle
My sadness with thy song.
Come, build thy nest each summer
Close by my house as now,
And teach me eve and morning
To be as glad as thou.

ALBIN BERNAYS.

The Village Girl.

The sun went down and evening came, the quiet summer even,
A mass of glowing purple lay between the farms and heaven,
A weary troop of men went by, their day's hard labor done,
Tired and contented, towards their home, they wended one by one.

Their work was done, their harvest reaped, a goodly harvest truly,
A well-appointed band of foes all slain or captured newly;
At dawn against this armed band they had gone forth to fight,
And all had closed in victory before the fall of night.

Close by the field where all day long the hard hot strife was raging,
A cottage by the wayside stood, half-desolate and ageing,
And on its low worn steps there sat a silent girl, and mused
And watched the troop come slowly by, in weary line confused.

She looked like one who sought a friend, she scanned each man's face nearly.
High burned the color in her cheek, too high for sunset merely:
She sat so quiet, looked so warm, so flushed with secret heat,
It seemed she listened as she gazed, and felt her own heart beat.

But as she saw the troop march by, and darkness round them stealing,
To every file, to every man, her anxious eye appealing
Seemed muttering in shy distress a question without speech,
More silent than a sigh itself, too anguished to beseech.

But when the men had all gone past, and not a word was spoken,
The poor girl's courage failed at last, and all her strength was broken.
She wept not loud, but on her hand her weary forehead fell,
And large tears followed one by one as from a burning well.

"Why dost thou weep? For hope may break, just where the gloom is deepest!
O daughter, hear thy mother's voice, a needless tear thou weepest;
He whom thy eyes were seeking for, whose face thou couldst not see,
He is not dead; he thought of love, and still he lives for thee.

"He thought of love; I counseled him to shield himself from danger,
I taught him how to slip the fight, and leave them like a stranger;
By force they made him march with them, but weep not, rave not thus,
I know he will not choose to die from happy life and us."

Shivering the maiden rose like one whom awful dreams awaken,
As if some grim foreboding all her soul in her had shaken;
She lingered not, she sought the place where late had raged the fight,
And stole away and swiftly fled and vanished out of sight.

An hour went by, another hour, the night had closed around her;
The moonshot clouds were silver-white, but darkness hung below them.
"She lingers long; O daughter, come, thy toil is all in vain,
To-morrow, ere the dawn is red, thy bridegroom's here again!"

The daughter came; with silent steps she came to meet her mother,
The pallid eyelids strained no more with tears she fain would smother.

But colder than the wind at night the hand that mother pressed,
And whiter than a winter cloud the maiden's cheek and breast.

"Make me a grave, O mother dear; my days on earth are over!
The only man that fled to-day, that coward, was my lover;
He thought of me and of himself, the battle-field he scanned,
And then betrayed his brothers' hope and shamed his father's land.

"When past our door the troop marched by, and I their ranks had numbered
I wept to think that like a man among the dead he slumbered;
I sorrowed, but my grief was mild, it had no bitter weight,
I would have lived a thousand years to mourn his noble fate.

"O mother, I have looked for him where'er the dead are lying,
But none of all the stricken bear his features, calm in dying;
Now will I live no more on earth in shame to sit and sigh,
He lies not there among the dead, and therefore will I die."

EDMUND GOSSE.

The Fifth of July.

"Now shines the sun so clear and bright,
And, strangely stirred, I greet the light
This early morning hour;
Come, youth, and let us haste away,
That in the woods and fields we may
Take breath and feel its power;
This day, it is a festive day!"

Thus spoke the veteran, thrust aside
His net, nor longer would abide,
Nor to an answer listened;
But through the village took my hand,
And through the meadows flow'ry band,
Until before us glistened
The lake with dew-besprinkled strand.

O, what a heaven, what an earth!
The aged one spoke not a word,
But looked with deep emotion
On all, while tears with smiles were blent,
Then turned to me and pressed my hand,
And low I heard him question:
"Say, can one die for this our land?"

No need to speak. A single look,
Straight to his heart my answer took,
He sought not for another.
And silence reigned a minute more,

And from the hillock as before
We looked around together;
Then from his speech the bonds he tore.

"Look, youth," he cried, "from this fair strand
Thou see'st a portion of the land
Called thine in song and story.
The beauty that our heart beguiles
At Virdois lakes, 'round Saimen's isles,
Where Vuoksen's billows hurry —
At Imatra, the foam-clad, smiles.

"And wert thou in the highest North,
As glorious would'st thou see the earth
From rugged cliffs beneath thee;
And wert the Bothnian gulf thou nigh,
Where low the coastland-acres lie,
'Tis Finland still would greet thee,
And still with love should gleam thy eye.

"But know'st on what my thoughts are bent,
The silent tear dost understand
That in my eye must glitter?
And how this day must be perforce
So full of gladness and remorse,
So sweet and yet so bitter?
This day we fought at Hörnefors.

"A day is born and lost in space,
And many a one leaves ne'er a trace
As through this life we wander.
Not so to us this day was lost,
Deep in my heart about its cost
Since seventeen years I ponder:
This day brave Duncker kissed she dust.

"Here lived a race in Suomi's land,
And still it lives: on sorrow's hand,
In need, it learned denying.
It learned to sacrifice its all,
Its faith is calm, whate'er befall,
Its courage death-defying,
This race with pride our own we call.

"In peace and rest thou see'st it, thou,
No threat'ning foe disturbs it now,
Yet can'st thou gladly offer
To it thy youthful heart aglow;
But I, in strife, in storm, in woe,
I saw it calmly suffer;
What then I felt, speak, can'st thou know?

"From day to day I saw it bleed,
I saw the brave to victory lead
The brave, saw them defeated.
Where never sunlight thawed the ground
They fought with icy fetters bound
Nor willingly retreated,
And, homeless, none were traitors found.

"What strength to bear, what strength to smite,
What fire in blood, what manhood's might,
What calm in war-luck's shifting,
What deeds, to put all ease to shame,
Of him were craved, whose deathless fame
These folk should be uplifting
And to this day their hero name?

"But ask, if from a by-gone day
A veteran should come thy way,
Who fought for Finland's honor,
Ask him if such a man he knew,

Where all were brave and all were true,
And steadfast he shall answer:
'To Duncker, sir, such praise is due.'

"Without ancestral pride this man
Sprang up. A son of toil began
In unknown tracts his story.
Then mighty to the front he came,
And fought, and won undreamed-of fame,
His country's pride and glory;
In Finland's time shall live his name!

"And this his fame that ever shone
So pure, his love had made his own —
His greatness was no other.
For this, his native land, he swore
All things to dare and to endure,
As for a bride, a mother —
This love shall gleam forevermore.

"He fell, and yet how fair, how sweet,
To love as he, and death to meet,
And rest in glory shrouded;
Like green-clad island to defy
The nameless depth and lift on high
The face to skies unclouded;
That is to die and yet not die.

"Now smile, in beauty bright, O land,
With leafy crowns adorn the strand
In summer-warmth and gladness,
In rose-light may thy cliff-heights gleam,
A silv'ry band thy brook and stream,
Forgetting nights of sadness
In joy thy Saima-eye skall beam.

"That memory on this sunlit day
Shall turn to thee and gladly stay,
As I brave Duncker naming;
And look around and say with pride:
'For thee, O land beloved, he died,
Can hearts for thee be flaming?
Thou, Finland, thou wast Duncker's bride!' "

ANNA CORDES.

The Veteran's Greeting.

Hast ever noted on thy destined course,
Among the thousands passing by each other,
How through an unknown will, an inner force,
A human soul is knitted to another?
We see a face, perchance we hear a voice
And reason not, but from our heart rejoice.

Long since I knew a man, as dear to me
As when with Cronstedt's troops we fought together,
A veteran was I, a youngling he,
But yet of all he was a spirit-brother.
Forgetful is old age, but from my heart
Gregory Tigerstedt can ne'er depart.

It showed in bearing, in his look, in all
That he was born for this, the sword to carry.
A noble warrior-figure, slim and tall,
So forth he went, nor in his course would tarry.
He knew me not, but on our thorny way
My eyes' delight he was from day to day.

In memory still his north-born voice I hear,
This ringing voice that spurred the troops to battle,
Before the front it sounded sharp and clear
And pierced the mark, for edge it had and mettle—
The voice that of his spirit was a part
and witness of a true and steadfast heart.

And clear it rang, though loss his soul might try,
And with despair the hopeless troops were smitten;
The inward fire e'er lit his open eye
And calmness in his features still was written;
It was as if the lines in bronze would say:
"Not all is lost, again shall dawn the day."

At times when, north-ward bound, our hearts were sore
And tears of grief and anger flowed unbidden
Down many a cheek, he clenched his teeth and swore,
But in his bosom's depth his tears were hidden;
Pressed from his lips but this we heard him say:
"Not all is lost, again shall dawn the day."

It came, the day, his festive day. Our men
Once more with pride unfurled their country's banner.
To arms! the cry resounded, and again
At Revolaks shone bright the country's honor;
Through war-clouds broke a flash of joyous light,
That was a fight, an unforgotten fight!

Oh, what a sight! A host with hope nigh spent
Broke forth anew with zeal and courage burning.
A prisoned stream its icy fetters rent,
'Gainst all opposing might the billows turning,
A people lowered to the depths of woe
Arose with might against the country's foe.

In daylight waned the early morning glow
And from the east a golden flood was streaming,
Then with the hues of dawn was touched the snow,
There Finland's glory, Finland's hope was gleaming;
The sun rose high, but deeper waxed this red —
The blood it was that Finland's heroes shed.

But hardly had the day's first watch gone by
When through the ranks each flaming sword was sheathed,
And Sikajoki's new-hailed victory
Had found its mate, alike in glory wreathed;
With mighty shouts of joy the air was rent.
That was the greeting to the heroes sent.

Alone I looked adown the battle ground.
Of wrath or strife no sound there was, no token,
The warriors here were all in slumber bound,
In slumber that on earth is never broken —
Or did one wake it was the watch to keep
And linger with a friend who fell asleep.

I had been seeking, but in vain I sought,
Not with the living Tigerstedt was numbered,
Deep in my heart in sooth had dwelt the thought
That I should find him stark with those who slumbered—
In victory's joyous hour, with pierced breast
Among the silent ranks he found his rest.

The brave one! But of late I saw his form
So full of joyous life, so strong, so daring,
With unchecked force against his foemen storm,
Through flashing swords and gaping war-fire tearing.
Now on the self-same snowdrift he was laid,
Where boldly once Bulatow's ranks he stayed.

From features, though all signs of life had fled,
The imprint of his soul had never vanished,
As ever on his marble brow I read
The steadfast courage that no loss had banished,
And still me thought his bloodless lips would say:
"Not all is lost, again shall dawn a day."

All was not lost. He dwells among us now,
He still is spared to life for Finland's banner.
I saw him not again. It may be thou
In life shall meet him on his path of honor;
Then greet him from the by-gone days once more,
From Stål, from Revolaks, from deeds of yore."

So of thy youth spoke Ensign Stål to me,
Thou warrior of our golden time of glory.
His greeting then the student kept for thee
Till, gray-haired now, in song he tells thy story.
Now that in peace a century half has fled
Since for thy native land thy blood was shed.

In kindness take this cherished greeting then,
A greeting, too, by this thy country offered.
Among its members still it counts the men
Who for its faith, its hope, its memories suffered.
Their ranks are thinned — the more it has to give
Of love and gratitude to those who live.

It thanks them for the true and noble zeal
That even in the icy North is glowing,
For all the precious blood spilled for its weal,
To coming years its heritage bestowing,
That in our darkest hour we still may say:
"Not all is lost! Again shall dawn the day!"

ANNA CORDES.

Sveaborg.

We sat, as day died in the sky,
By our bright evening fire,
The aged Ensign Stål and I;
This was our heart's desire.
The evening passed in glee and game,
When Sveaborg I chanced to name.

It was but mentioned heedlessly
But roused his earnestness:
"Hast seen the island in the sea
With Ehrnsvärd's fastnessess,
The North's Gibraltar?" — Thus began
With solemn voice the aged man.

"She looks across the sea and fjord,
With adamantine eyes,
She raises high her Gustaf's sword,
And all the world defies!
That sword has never met a foe,
But what it dealt a crushing blow.

"Approach not, threatening, the isle,
When war runs red with blood;
Rouse not the Ocean Queen the while
She's in her angry mood.
In thousand cannons' fiery breath
She hurls the hissing globes of death!

"Repulsed were Finland's troops until
They grazed the polar snow;
And yet we cherished hope, and still
More brave our hearts would grow.
And we could dare all hostile powers
As long as Sveaborg was ours.

"That name had power when mentionéd
To cheer our future lot,
All grumbling ceased, all sorrow fled,
Our wants and toil forgot.
The Finnish Bear a fresh start took,
And with his mighty paw he struck.

"Full many a night, long years ago,
I heard the champion old
Relate, upon his couch of snow,
These words that I have told:
The snow, the hearthstone of his hall,
In distant land his home, his all.

"Then from the south a rumor came,
One frosty winter morn;
It whispered treason's loathed name,
Our arms were laid in scorn.
By every man along the plain,
'Twas only met with proud disdain.

"But never in the circling times
Shall be forgot, in sooth,
That day this rumored crime of crimes
Became established truth.
When from our country's bleeding heart
Her Sveaborg was torn apart.

"Has Ocean with retorted scorn
Engulfed our country's pride?
Has heaven's bolt of vengeance torn
Her walls so firm and tried?
Remained not one to do and die?
We asked, but there was no reply.

"But deep from many a wounded breast,
There rose a stifled sigh,
And tears, that long had been suppressed,
Gushed in each patriot's eye,
Our land had died, ere we could save,
And we stood weeping by her grave.

"O God! the man who sowed the seed
That brought these tears, alas!
Accomplished once the greatest deed
That hero ever has:
The pride of Sweden's fleets was he,
He won the Svensksund victory.

"Yet, if the world her splendor gained
Through his illustrious sword,
If realms before that sword have waned,
He's now a man abhorred.
Such is the fruit the traitor reaps
From his black deed where Ehrnsvärd sleeps.

"Young man! thou lov'st the poet's lay,
Our ancient times lov'st thou,
Perchance thou, too, shall sing some day
What I'm relating now;
Expose then his black crime and shame
But hide, as I, his curséd name.

"Name not his kin, name not his race,
His crime they ought not share,
Nor ought they blush for his disgrace,
'Tis his alone to bear.
He, who betrays his country, has
No race, no sire, no son, alas!

"Name him alone that treacherous arm
In whom had Finland faith,
Name him contempt, disgrace, and harm,
Guilt, penalty, and death.
Thus call him through the endless years,
And move to pity him who hears.

"Take all the gloom that wraps the dead,
And all life's dark despair;
Then make a name thereof instead,
And give it him to bear;
That name shall we far less deplore,
Than that, at Sveaborg he bore.

N. A. CARLSON.

Sven Dufva.

A sergeant Dufva's father was, retired, old, and gray,
Who'd served his king and fatherland through many a stormy day.
And on his little farm he'd lived and labored hard since then;
Nine children gathered round his board, the youngest one was Sven.

Now, if the elder Dufva had had judgment to divide
His store among his children nine we cannot well decide;
But it would seem the elder had received too large a share,
For unto Sven, the latest born, was scarce a crumb to spare.

But Sven grew up in spite of all, grew tall, and large, and strong,
And in the forest and the field he labored hard and long.
Was kind and happy, ready e'er to do with all his might
Whatever he was told to do, but never did it right.

"In Heaven's name, unhappy son, what will become of thee?"
Thus spoke the elder Dufva oft in great anxiety;
And as this plaint was oft renewed, Sven lost his patient mood;
And he began to think himself as wisely as he could.

When, therefore, Sergeant Dufva came, one pleasant day again,
And hummed the oft repeated song, "What wilt thou be, O Sven?"
Unused to hear his son reply, he staggered back to see
Sven open wide his mouth and say, "A soldier will I be."

The aged sergeant smiled with scorn and said disdainfully,
"A clown like you to carry arms! Fine soldier you would be!"
"Yes," answered Sven, "here all goes wrong to which I put my hand,
Perhaps it is not quite as hard to die for king and land."

Surprised and moved, the father stood and gazed with tearful eye,
While Sven with knapsack on his back sought Duncker's camp near by.
Now, as he was of standard height and naught against him told,
He passed the muster and at once as a recruit enrolled.

And now they put him through the drill and military mold.
It was a spectacle to see, a wonder to behold;
The corporal both yelled and laughed, and laughed and yelled with zest;
But his recruit remained the same in earnest as in jest.

He practiced with untiring zeal as well as he knew how;
He stamped the earth until it shook and marched with dripping brow.
To learn the orders "Right" and "Left" he tried with all his might,
But spite of all his right was left, his left was always right.

To ground and shoulder arms he learned, arms to present and trail;
All did he seem to understand, when given in detail.
But if commanded to present, his arms to shoulder went,
And if to ground the order was his arms he would present.

The fame of Dufva's drill was spread, in spreading naught was lost,
And all both officers and men made merry at his cost.
But Sven pursued his even course, with patience holding out,
And hoped for better times to come, and then the war broke out.

And now 'twas asked if Dufva was to be considered sane,
And fit to march out with the troops and join in the campaign.
Some held this counsel, some held that, Sven calmly held his own:
"If I may not with others go, then I shall go alone."

His gun and knapsack he retained and in the march engaged;
He served when others took their rest, fought when the battle raged.
But serving, fighting, Sven remained alike serene and cool;
And ne'er a coward was he called, though sometimes called a fool.

Now Sandels' troops were falling back before a Russian force,
Retreating slowly step by step along a river course.
A little in advance of them a foot-bridge spanned the stream,
There was a small detachment placed, some twenty men 'twould seem.

It had been sent some days before the roadway to repair,
And when its task was done it lay secure from war and care;
A neighboring farmstead, furnished well, supplied their every need,
And Sven was made to wait on them, for he was there indeed.

But of a sudden all was changed, for there with lightning speed
Came their commander's aid-de-camp upon a foaming steed.
"Down to the bridge, my lads," he cried, "for God's sake charge the foe!
'Tis said a hostile force prepares to cross the bridge below."

"And, sir," to him who led the troops his hasty orders ran,
"Tear down the bridge, if possible, or fight there to a man.
We're lost, sir, if the enemy attacks us in the rear.
You'll soon be reenforced, my lads, your General will be here."

He hastened back. And as the band the narrow foot-bridge
neared,
Upon the other side the stream a Russian force appeared.
It spread, grew denser, then took aim, and fired a deadly round
It took effect. Eight gallant Finns lay stretched upon the ground.

They all began to waver now, when thus of hope bereft;
Another volley and there were but five companions left.
All cheerfully obeyed the word: "Trail arms, retreat." But lo!
Sven Dufva, blundering as before, prepared to charge the foe.

For as the others trailed their arms and faced about and fled,
Sven Dufva faced the other way and sought the bridge instead.
And there he stood erect and strong with heart and iron will,
Prepared to show both friend and foe his military drill.

Nor did he have to tarry long his strength and skill to show,
For in a moment more the bridge was covered with the foe.
They pressed upon him one by one, but every one he stumped;
'Twas "right face," "left face"; one by one into the river dumped.

To thrust this giant from the bridge a giant was required,
And oft his nearest foes received the shots their comrades fired.
Enraged the enemies beheld their efforts brought to naught;
And o'er the hill came Sandels and beheld how Dufva fought.

"Well done!" he cried, "Well done, my lad! hold out a moment
more,
Nor let a single Russian cross the stream, or reach this shore.
That would I call a soldier, lads. May Finns thus fight alway!
Make haste, my lads, to succor him, for he has saved the day."

The enemy soon found their plans upset, and in dismay
They turned about, retraced their steps, and slowly marched away
When all was over Sandels came down to the bridge t' inquire
Who and where was the man who there alone had faced the fire

They showed him where Sven Dufva lay, in peace, to fight no more;
He'd fought his last fight gloriously, and now the strife was o'er.
It seemed as if he had lain down to rest from toil and war,
No calmer than in former days, but paler now by far.

And Sandels then bent over him his form and face to scan.
It was no stranger he beheld, it was a well-known man.
But underneath his peaceful breast the soil was colored red;
A hostile shot had pierced his heart, his spirit now had fled.

"That bullet knew its mission well, this must admitted be,"
Thus calmly spoke brave Sandels. "Yes, it knew far more than we,
It left his forehead undisturbed, that was his weaker part,
And struck at what was better far, his brave and noble heart."

These words of Sandels quickly spread as from his lips they fell,
And everywhere it was agreed that he had spoken well.
For in the realm of thought and sense Sven's powers were scant and few,
But while his head was weak and poor, his heart was good and true.

C. W. Foss.

The Meeting.

Beside the hazel-hedge's gate
She stood, the girl I love the best,
Her glance, that roved so free of late,
Did now in silent sadness rest
Upon the mound, where, yestere'en,
So happy by my side she'd been.

A tear-besprinkled rose she bore,
A keepsake which I gave her there;
She thought me on some far-off shore,
Yet we so near each other were;
Hid in the next bush was I lain
And weeping looked, and looked again.

There stood a birch from long ago,
And green and stately had it grown,
It bore my maiden's name, — also
Bore on its shining bark mine own;
Each by the other I had scratched
One evening as alone I watched.

So dearly it her fancy took
To see them daily in their place, —
But now she stood and sighed to look
Upon her loved one's well-known trace
And wrote a mournful couplet there
From "Ingeborg's Plaint" out of Tegnér.

But I kept silence, hiding on,
And let my maiden's sorrow be;
It was so sweet to think upon
The pangs the darling felt for me;
For this alone ungrateful I
Did not that instant forward hie.

To flowerbuds flew the butterfly,
And flowerets gave their lips so red;
The thrush he sang in birches high,
And straight his mate towards him sped;
Then called I on my maiden too,
Sprang up, and to her bosom flew.

EIRIKR MAGNUSSON AND E. H. PALMER.

Hymn for the Fatherland.

Keep, Thou, O God, our native land,
Above it raise Thy mighty hand,
In darkness and in joyous light,
In peace and war-time guard its right.

Around us here our eyes behold
What more we love than wealth untold;
No other country, far or near,
Is to our faithful heart so dear.

Here on this earth our fathers wrought,
Here they believed and hoped and fought,
Here, too, with joy and grief was filled
Our cup, and here our home we build.

And here our children too, as we,
Shall live; what we beheld shall see,
Walk in the path that we have trod
And pray, as we have prayed to God.

Thou, Lord, protect this cherished land
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Here may Thy heavenly blessings fall,
Like gentle summer dew, on all.

Thy blessings on all hearts descend
That naught but good have wished this land;
But soon each evil purpose slay,
The foe that wills its downfall, stay.

Thine let our country ever be,
Secure and peopled, glad and free,
Filled with the spirit from above,
With strength sufficient, rich in love.

Thy mercy, Lord, through agelong night
Once brought our folk to see the light;
So let it ever, as of old,
But in Thy light its powers unfold.

The light it is Thy holy word,
A sun for heaven and for earth.
Grant that it bright and clear alway
Stay with us till our latest day.

ANNA CORDES.

J. O. WALLIN.

George Washington.

Take, countryman, thy glass in hand,
And drink with the American
Unto the Father of his Land,
Creator of his country's plan.
Where, in the nation's Pantheon,
Thy honored Vasa proudly towers
He rears to his great Washington
A monument, the peer of ours.

O Freedom, child of heavenly birth,
Sent to release a shackled race,
Erase the boundaries of earth,
And bring the nations face to face;
Where'er thy spirit men inspired
To battle 'gainst a tyrant's might,
The pulses leap, the souls are fired
With shouts for Victory and Right!

'Twas by thy stroke, O Liberty,
The noble patriot was knighted,
Who glorified with victory
Virginian fields, by tyrants blighted;

'Twas at thy call he rose and fought
To settle internecine quarrels,
And then his peaceful homestead sought,
His temples wreathed with Fabian laurels.

'Twas thy commandments that he taught
When for a people, tried and loyal,
The laws of right he wisely wrought,
A nation's chief, benign, but royal.
In council with the wise and good,
Enfolded in the statesman's toga,
He sat as firm as e'er he stood
At Trenton, Yorktown, Saratoga.

When bubbles of a moment's fame
Must pass oblivion's fatal muster,
And many a toasted princely name
On memory's vault shall lose its luster,
Then, graced by centuries of renown,
The civic chief shall sit for aye,
Without a scepter or a crown,
The sovereign prince of Liberty.

In memory's pilgrimage we wend
To where the sod the hero pillows.
No mourning flowers their fragrance lend,
Nor grace his tomb the weeping willows;
But love of law and liberty,
And good will unto every mortal
Guard against wrong and tyranny
The hero's grave, his country's portal.

E. W. Olson.

Z. TOPELIUS.

The Milky Way.

And now the lights are out, and now the night is still and clear,
And tender memories arise from many a by-gone year,
And cherished fancies hover round, and fade and come again,
And wonderful, and strangely sad, and warm the heart is then.

The twinkling stars look down to earth on winter evenings clear,
And smile as blissfully as if no death had entered here.
Their silent language dost thou know? One tale recurs to me;
I learned it from the stars themselves, and shall I tell it thee?

Upon a distant orb he dwelt near Evening's golden throne;
She lived upon another star and in another zone.
And Salami such was her name, and Zulamith was he;
Their hearts were linked in tender love and for eternity.

They both had lived upon this earth and loved with all their heart,
But pain and sorrow, sin and death had torn the two apart.
White wings were given them in death with which to take their flight,
But they were doomed to live apart on different orbs of light.

Z. TOPELIUS.

But in their bright celestial homes their love burned as of old,
Though space unmeasured intervened and worlds between them rolled,
Unnumbered worlds, a miracle, by Wisdom's hand prepared
'Tween Salami and Zulamith in wondrous beauty flared.

And then did Zulamith one night, his longing heart to cheer,
Begin to build himself a bridge of light from sphere to sphere.
And Salami with longing filled, upon her world so far,
Had started e'en as Zulamith to build from star to star.

A thousand years they labored with unfaltering faith and might,
And thus the Milky Way was built a shining bridge of light,
Which spans the highest vault of heaven, the zodiac bridges o'er,
Across the boundless sea of space, connecting shore to shore.

And cherubs in astonishment sped to report the guilt, —
"O Lord, behold what Salami and Zulamith have built!"
But God Almighty smiled, and lo! the heavens shone with joy—
"What love in my creation builds I never will destroy."

And Salami and Zulamith rushed when their toil was o'er
Into each other's arms, and lo! a star, not seen before,
The brightest 'mong the heavenly hosts smiled where their feet had pressed,
A heart's-ease after thousand years of longing and unrest.

And all who in this world below have loved with tender heart,
Whom pain and sorrow, sin and death have doomed to dwell apart,
If but the power to bridge the gulf they have at their behest,
Be sure they shall their love attain, their longing hearts find rest.

C. W. Foss.

The Art of Printing.

On oaken desk of antique mold
The quill once held its sway;
The cloistered monk on parchment old
His subtle fancies did unfold —
Thought wandered astray. —

Until from broken clouds there spread
O'er Time's unwritten page
A light which soon dispelled the dread,
When Guttenberg with molten lead
Made every man a sage.

And Darkness trembled in dismay
Of fear Oppression shook,
When forth came Freedom's golden ray,
And Newton did the heavens survey,
Linné read Nature's book.

The unchained thought, a Titan bold,
Stood with its sword. In might
Knowledge poured out her stores of gold,
Till, like a mighty ocean, rolled
Throughout the world, her light.

Auspicious metal, tender, small,
What wonders thou hast wrought!
Thou hast caused many a giant's fall,
A shield 'gainst him who will enthrall
The independent thought

Truth, everlasting truth was made
The signal of thy birth;
Hence still thou buildest, undismayed,
On the foundation thou hast laid
For freedom upon Earth.

Who can thy wondrous writ efface?
Who can thy progress stay?
Work on till all the human race,
All tongues and creeds shall glad embrace
The light of Freedom's day!

A. T. LINDHOLM.

B. E. MALMSTRÖM.

Who Sighs so Deeply in the Pine-Woods?

A little lad is playing a drear October night
Below the whispering linden, tall and yellow;
He sees the heavens sparkling with many a lovely light,
He hears the rustling leaves, the little fellow.
But while he thus is sitting in simple, lonely dreams,
The grove so dark and gloomy in glowing twilight seems:
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods.

The little boy he listens: dismay creeps o'er his mind,
And soon he flies along the darkened alley.
His frightened, childish fancy but dismal thougths can find,
And thus he runs astray from home and valley.
He thinks of father, mother, he thinks of sister dear:
"O God, protect the lost one, so lonely, lonely here!"
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods.

The shining moon glides calmly from murky, shattered cloud;
Its mellow silver lake and woodland chasten:
The frightened shadows quickly near to the mountains crowd,
And to the north the evil spirits hasten.
The Alpine peak is gleaming, the wood is dark and drear
And in the dripping birch-tree the owl sings of fear:
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods.

And o'er the fields he hurries, the little lad, with fright
While many tales before his fancy hover.
The stars of heaven wander, and slowly wanes the night;
But, ah! his way he can no more discover:
"Ye twinkling stars up yonder on heaven's shining way,
Ye withered little flowers, oh! tell me, tell me, pray,
Who sighed so deeply here in the pine-woods?"

But all the stars were silent, the flowers silent stood,
And many a bitter tear the lad was shedding.
Then came he to the fairies, who dwell in moon-lit wood,
And swiftly in their graceful ring was treading.
"O, ye who dance so gently on heather-woven way,
Ye lovely little sisters, oh! tell me, tell me, pray,
Who sighed so deeply here in the pine-woods?"

The tiny queen of fairies with lips of coral smiled
And stroked with gentle charm the little fellow:
"Weep not," she said, "my darling, though far from home beguiled,
Though frightened from yon linden, tall and yellow;
But seat thee on this hillock, in heather-woven dell,
And let me wipe, my darling, thy tears and I shall tell
Who sighed so deeply here in the pine-woods."

"When evening shadows gather, enfolding wood and lake,
And all the voices hush, both gay and bitter,
When on the beach the weary, the dying billows break
And all the pretty stars begin to glitter,
Lo! then the vault of heaven grows crystal, pure and bright,
A host of holy angels below then speed their flight
And weep on earth their midnight tears of silver.

"And earth beholds her image, reflected in the skies,
And finds herself so gloomy and rejected;
She tells all sins and murders, all treacheries and lies,
Wherewith for centuries she is infected,

And through her saddened bosom a deadly horror creeps,
And every mount is praying, and every valley weeps:
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods."

"I thank thee, queen of fairies! I'll not forget thy tale,
And now I fear no more my lone returning.
Behold! There is my pathway in yonder moon-lit vale!
Good-by! To thee my heart shall oft be yearning.
I am but poor and lowly, nor gold nor riches make,
Yet to the Lord I promise, that never for my sake
There shall be heard a sigh in the pine-woods!"

HJALMAR EDGREN.

Angelica.

I.

Tell me, ye odorous winds that dance in delight o'er the meadows,
Saw ye my radiant flower, fresh-hued as the lily and rose?
Tell me, ye silvery brooks that murmur your songs in the greenwood,
Saw ye the loved of my heart, saw ye my bride in her flight?
Flowerets, tearful with dew, to earth, perchance, ye were trodden,
Kissing the hurrying foot — how sweet a ravage was yours!
Or ye clouds that illume the fairy demesnes of the sunset,
Wafted ye from me my love afar to the regions of light?

Mingle thy song with the wind, no mortal gives ear to thy wailing,
Sigh to the breezes, O bard, pity for thee there is none!
No one is moved by the grief that saps the soul at its midnight,
Fastened secure on the heart, drinking its fountains of blood.
Still there breathes not a soul, but whose moments of joy are revolving
Rapidly round and round on a central pivot of pain.
Mankind is sick at the heart, on dust scarce contented to grovel;
Smarting and healing by turns, as shifting destiny wills.
Not for the fickle pleasures of earth would I barter the teardrops
Shed at the trysting-place of memories hallowed and fond,
Shed as my eyes I directed aloft to the bowers cerulean
Whither my soul would embark, whither Angelica fled.
Alas! but how often my heart is poised 'twixt vague indecisions:
Memories, links of the past, fetter me still to the dust,
Where, in the Spring-time of hope, I owned a rose of rare beauty; —
Tempests have shattered my joy, the rose is withered in death.

E. W. Olson.

The Vagrant.

Far from the haunts of childhood, the village of my birth,
From place to place dejectedly I wander;
A barren desert only to me seems all the earth,
For me the rose in vain blooms over yonder.
And every day is gloomy as idly it goes by,
The earth to me seems burning, and cold appears the sky,
For no one knows the misery of the vagrant.

How bitter is my sorrow when to my mind there come
So vividly those tender recollections
Of former years long vanished with friends and hearth and home,
When still some spot would nourish my affections.
'Tis hard when better days have been and youth and strength
have fled
To hide beneath a beggar's hat a gray and aged head,
As no one knows the misery of the vagrant.

Thou kind and heavenly Father, to whom the needy pray,
How heavily on me has fate descended!
I know I've often trespassed and gone from right astray,
But all have in some measure thus offended.
I'm driven out into the world deprived of home and kin,
While others only reap content and pleasure from their sin,
And know not of the misery of the vagrant.

Oh, whither do I journey! How miserable am I!
No one to aid, my anguish ever growing!
Well does my life resemble the rifted autumn sky,
The yellow husk that's every-whither blowing.
No place secure to rest my aching feet this earth me gave,
E'en as the wounded hind I hobble bleeding to my grave,
But no one knows the misery of the vagrant.

The wealthy and the mighty they live in luxury
And fill each day excessively their table,
But to the wretched beggar they give but sparingly,
And seldom render help when they are able:
A few hours since a snobbish lord, whose dog looked overfed,
Tossed me a copper and then heaped abuse upon my head, —
He did not know the misery of the vagrant.

Has no one then compassion? Ah, many have, I'm sure.
But then 'tis not so much that men are greedy,
If only they were mindful a beggar's soul is also poor,
That it is oft his heart which is more needy.
One man of means is hard of heart, an other may be kind,
A third is shocked at misery's face, but still of dubious mind,
None understands the misery of the vagrant.

Although no hope I cherish, I will no more complain,
My feeble voice cannot express my grieving;
In silence now I offer the prayers that were in vain,
My earthly trials soon I shall be leaving.
The God who feeds the famished beast, gives moisture to the weed,
Shall He not to eternity of my despair take heed?
He surely knows the misery of the vagrant,

In Him I'll trust as evening its shadows softly throws
And shrouds my chilly bed; and I pray Heaven,
That now my soul find comfort, that sweet be my repose,
That me oblivion of the past be given.
For them I'll pray who took from me what little I did own,
Then calmly fall asleep to wake where failure is unknown,
With Him who knows the misery of the vagrant.

J. LEKBERG.

J. A. WADMAN.

My Wee Nook in the Mountains.

I know a nook amid the mountains,
A wee nook which belongs to me,
Where guile nor glitter rooted be,
Nor soiled of innocence the fountains.
Wherever fate may throw me yet,
My heart upon this nook is set,
My wee nook in the mountains.

A prisoner I there hold captured
Who must be quiet after all
Within this narrow circle small,
For heart and mind I have enraptured.
Wherever fate may drive me yet,
My heart upon this nook is set,
My wee nook in the mountains.

My little Hildur there does linger,
And love with flow'ry tie has planned
To chain her heart and foot and hand
Unto this cottage, song and singer.
Wherever fate may hound me yet,
My heart upon this nook is set,
My wee nook in the mountains.

ALBIN BERNAYS.

E. G. GEIJER.

E. G. GEIJER.

The Viking.

At fifteen the cabin grew close and confined,
Where we lived, my mother and I;
While tending the goats came a change o'er my mind,
For the days crawled so slowly by.
In my dreams and my fancy I'd wonder and soar;
But I found not the joy that had cheered me before
In the woodland.

One morning a ship that I saw on the main
Like an arrow shot into the bay,
And my bosom heaved and my wants grew plain
To my fervid mind that day.
I left my mother, my goats and home
To join the Viking's crew and to roam
O'er the ocean

And the sails swell out, and lusty the wind
Bore us o'er the billows' crest;
In the darkening sea sank the fields behind,
And yet there was joy in my breast.
I brandished my father's old broadsword on high
And swore to win booty and fame or to die
On the ocean.

At sixteen I slew the old Viking, for he
Made sport of my beardless chin.
I won trophięs and glory as king of the sea,
In fierce fought battles and din.
I won castles and burghs on a foreign soil
And with my bold comrades cast lots for the spoil
On the ocean.

And once even I possessed castles and lands
Where I quaffed by my sooty hearth-stone,
And as ruler I looked to my country's demands
And I slept within walls of my own.
The days of the winter were dull to my mind;
'Tis true I was king, yet I yearned and I pined
For the ocean.

And time lagged idly and dull was my lot
To deal with the common herd;
They want me to watch o'er the peasant's cot
And the beggar's scrip to guard.
I listened all weary to cases and crimes,
And longed to go back to the gallant old times
On the ocean.

But the weary winter was ended at last,
And daisies grew bright on the shores;
And the wavelets chanted as on they passed,
Away where the ocean roars;
And spring winds gamboled o'er mountains and dale,
And the streams rushed on with the speed of the gale
To the ocean.

I felt the invisible spirit of old
While the loud waves urged me on.
O'er city and country I scattered my gold;
My crown I trod upon.

With a ship and a sword and as poor as before
I courted new dangers and wrestled once more
With the ocean.

The wind was sportive and swift the chase
On the sea where'er we came,
But life and death of the human race
Was everywhere the same.
In human dwellings are grief and remorse,
But sorrow, she knows not the Viking's course
On the ocean.

From the prow of the vessel my comrades and I
Scanned the restless seas again;
We would pass the merchant peacefully by
But fall on the Viking amain.
For the Viking's laurels are dyed in blood
And their swords knit friendship and brotherhood
On the ocean.

I stood all the day in the bounding prow
And how bright the future smiled!
Like the swans where the tall reeds bend and bow,
I sped on the billows wild.
The booty that fell in my way was mine
And my hope was exalted as stars that shine
On the ocean.

And oft in the night as I watched alone
The elements fierce at strife,
I heard the fates in the storm and the moan,
As they spun out the thread of life.
His fall or his fortune man cannot control;
'Tis best be prepared amid billows that roll
On the ocean.

I am twenty now; I am wrecked and alone
And the sea cries loud for my blood.
He drank it in battles of days that are gone
Where I and my comrades stood;
Cease burning, my heart, and cease beating so loud
For soon thou'lt rest in thy watery shroud
In the ocean.

* *

But the ship-wrecked Viking's song is now lost,
He has chanted his last; from his cliff he is tossed
By the waves that fiercely beset it,
The winds and the waves are changing their strain.
But the Viking's memory shall ever remain,
And the brave will never forget it.

A. J. PEARSON.

A. A. AFZELIUS.

Necken.

Far beneath the crystal waters dreaming
Necken sleeps in his azure hall.
Floating vapors, through the twilight gleaming,
Veil the groves in their dusky pall.
Night sweeps slowly on, in sable garb array'd,
All is hushed and still o'er sea and hill and glade
Not a breath trembles o'er the wave
When Necken rises from his glittering cave.

See his chariot drawn by Ægir's daughters,
O'er the waves, as they dance below;
Sweetly sounds his harp across the waters.
Yet it speaks but of endless woe.
Not a star has pierced the gloom and clouds above,
Bringing tender greetings from the Queen of Love;
Oh, how weary his heart must be
While thus his song sweeps sadly o'er the sea:

"Oh, where art thou, starry Queen of Heaven,
Whom I once fondly called my bride?
Far from thee in cruel exile driven,
I must anguish in the ocean's tide.
But the day will dawn when all things shall be new,
When at length released I'll rise to glory too;
Then triumphant the strain shall be,
That to my golden harp I'll sing to thee."

Thus he mourns, when lo! from Heaven gleaming
Freya's smile lights the darksome night;
O'er the strand her golden tear-drops streaming
Shine like gems in unfading light.
Then she fondly greets her true-love mourning there,
While the trembling waves reflect her image fair,
And the Necken, in blissful pain,
Joyfully strikes his golden harp again

E. N—N.

A. A. GRAFSTRÖM.

The Harp.

Into his lonely cot one gloomy night
Stepped Gunnar with bark for the baking.
The flour was all gone; no relief was in sight!
The famine had brought them to such a sad plight,
And the heart of the father was aching.

His two little tots, as he entered the door,
Turned towards him their wan little faces.
"O father, dear father, you've come with some bread?"
Were the words that the father in agony read
Where hunger had written its traces.

"When mother was carried away on her bier
And laid in the churchyard so lonely,
You gave us a cake, it was wet with your tear,
Since then we've had nothing to eat, father dear!
Oh, was it the last and the only?"

"Poor children! I've nothing to give you to-day,
But heaven looks down on our sorrow;
Our Father will not let us suffer alway,
Let faith not forsake us! We'll hope and we'll pray
That God will provide for to-morrow."

He took down his harp; Oh, how soothing its tones
As over the strings swept his fingers!
The music enlivens their hearts as its swells;
Like magic it holds them and partly dispels
The hunger that stubbornly lingers.

And turning to hide a stray tear on his cheek,
He coaxes forth musical numbers;
Their cares are forgotten — the harp strings now speak.
They're dancing! They're romping till, weary and weak
They quietly sink into slumbers.

And there by the bed where his little ones slept
Knelt Gunnar with wan hands uplifted:
"God grant my poor children need suffer no more!"
But while he was praying, to heaven's fair shore
In the arms of the angels they'd drifted.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

P. D. A. ATTERBOM.

The Hyacinth.

The heart's blood am I of expiring strength;
Engraved on my urn is its cry.
My dark, glowing pangs — to thee are they known?
Art thou a stranger 'mid life's shadows thrown,
Deceived by its dreamery?
Learn that youth-giving joy to the stars alone
Was allotted! Their youth in the sky
With circling steps they celebrate,
And our steps from the cradle illuminate
To the grave.

Why longer endeavors thine earnest glance
To a merciless heaven to pray?
An adamant door bars its tower of light.
To earth's abyss, from its dizzy height,
What bridge may open a way?
There blessedness, truth, may be throned in might;
But thou, canst thou destiny sway?
Of suffering only can dust be secure;
Who rises, thy happier lot to insure,
From the grave?

Hope points, indeed, to a verdant shore,
Where the beautiful sirens sing,
And waken their harps, while bright shines the sun;
But the bone-whitened coast shows where murder is done,
And treachery dwells on each string.
Illusions, on distaffs of Nornas spun,
To the feeble distraction bring.
He is wise who disdains to fear or implore;
But wisest he who desires nothing more
Than a grave.

Yet within thee, to battle with time and fate,
There blazes a fire divine;
Whate'er's evanescent its flame shall consume;
And if clouded the course of the planets in gloom,
Thy star on the conflict shall shine;
And soon shall the long, happy night of the tomb,
With peace and her laurels, be thine.
He, whose bosom of heaven and hell holds the fires,
Suffices himself, and no solace requires
But the grave.

G. N. Swan.

E. SJÖBERG.

(VITALIS)

Resignation.

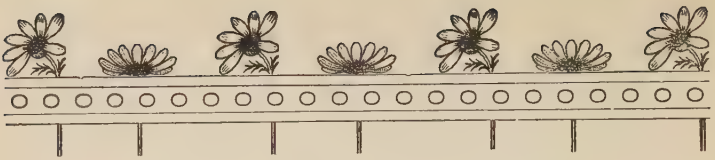
Why should I not meet Grief in joyous fashion?
It is God's angel, and should welcome be.
Why should I doubt my Father's kind compassion
Because he sends stern messengers to me?

Like timid bird beneath its mother's pinions,
Close to his breast I creep in hiding sweet;
And though Death seeks me with a thousand minions
My faith itself is victory complete.

Like some mild pigeon winging from its sender,
My prayer has pierced the starry realms above;
And flitting whitely through his perfect splendor,
It takes this message to his heart of love:

I yield my will to Thee. Do not disdain it.
O, Thou, whose eyes into my heart can see;
Lo! lovingly I seize the cup and drain it,
Just as in love Thou reachest it to me!

GEORGE HORTON.



B. VON BESKOW

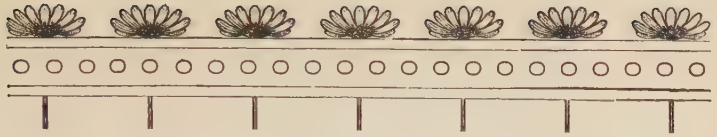
The Fisherman.

On lonely strand by roaring billow
My hut doth stand so drear and lone,
Its foot the surge's head doth pillow
And to the window flies the foam.
The storm may roar, the thunder smite the air,
I sweetly sleep within my cot,
For God, to whom I raise my evening prayer,
Hath said that he forgets me not.

When morning's sun doth gild the mountain
O'er trackless wave my boat doth go,
I fly before the wind of heaven,
While death doth lurk for me below.
When fog and night the sea obscuring,
My homeward path is filled with gloom,
I look with faith to God in heaven;
His star doth safely guide me home.

My net, my boat, my humble dwelling,
What more of fortune should I win?
Though want its fetters bind upon me,
How light its load compared with sin!
And when the night that has no dawning,
Shuts darkly down o'er land and sea
I furl my sail and wait for morning,
When anchored safe with God I'll be.

TH. BERGMAN.



K. A. NIKANDER.

The Evening.

Oh, welcome! Oh, welcome, thou charming,
Thou peaceful and beautiful night!
Now flee from my sorrows alarming,
Thou fillest my soul with delight.

An angel on bright sparkling pinions,
From heaven to earth thou'lt descend;
Bring'st peace to the living, thy minions,
And coolness to earth thou dost lend.

Thou standest 'tween darkness and daylight,
Speak'st peace and consolest the heart.
And over the waters, in twilight,
The heavens thou'lt mingle with earth.

The birds, to whom freedom is clinging,
Whom Hope as yet never doth fail,
Their "Ave Marias" are singing
O'er mountains, in woods, and in vale.

What matters if evening is sending
Her dusk? She caresses the mind;
And although the sun is descending,
To-morrow again we him find.

On the purpled sky he is flitting,
  Resembling each mortal's bright hope;
For scarce 'hind the west he is slipping
  Before in the east he goes up.

His gold o'er the oak-tops is gleaming
  And over the mountains appears,
While gently on flowerbuds beaming
  Fall the dew's bright nourishing tears.

Oh, welcome! Oh, welcome thou charming,
  Thou peaceful and beautiful eve!
Now flee from me sorrows alarming,
  For peace in our homes thou dost give.

NELS FORSBERG.

K. A. NIKANDER.

E. SEHLSTEDT

The Norrlander's Sighing for Home.

Thou longest again for thy ancestors' shore!
My heart, how uneasy thou beatest!
When early remembrance of childhood broods o'er
The vales of thy homestead, the sweetest.
In vain thou regretest those wishes of yore,
Which mockingly drove thee to this foreign shore,
From thy dear lovely forests and valleys.

What dreams didst thou dream of the far foreign earth,
To change thus thy home for another?
Wert thou seeking for hearts? Were not such in the north?
Where found'st thou more faithful a brother?
What dictated hope? Wert thou longing for gold?
What sawest thou there which thou didst not behold
In thy own lovely forests and valleys?

Oh, yet I remember my home by the flood,
Where clouds on the mountain-peaks rested;
Where round the low cottage the brave ancient wood
Its shield 'gainst the polar storms tested;
Where life was so harmless, so peaceful and bright,
At the first break of day or the twilight of night,
In my dear lovely forests and valleys.

At rest is my father. The murmuring wave
Sings softly its lullaby for him;
And the white birches grow round the loved one's low
grave,
And braid their green foliage o'er him;
But the home of my childhood stands still in its bloom,
And my mother and friends, they still call me to come
To their own lovely forests and valleys.

I'll come from afar ere my course shall be run,
To embrace you once more, ye true-hearted!
But happly too late shall the heart-broken son
Seek the graves of the loved ones departed;
And stand there neglected, forlorn, and alone,
Bemoaning those days of delight which have flown
In his own lovely forests and valleys.

N. A. CARLSON.

WILH. von BRAUN.

Woman's Eyes.

Would you see a glimpse of Love divine
That dwells beyond the clouds in yonder blue,
Then gaze into a woman's eyes benign,
And you'll find it nearer than you knew.

Woman last by the Creator's hand
Was made — and when He lit her radiant eye
He said: "Thy tender light may ever stand
A symbol of the love that burns on high."

Hence the power of that wondrous glance,
Conquering what no brutal force may bend;
Hence the sweet enchantment of that trance
Where men's souls the very stars transcend.

Hence the subtle art of womankind
To discover what man's eye will miss;
Ambition, honor he would ever find,
She the love that turns all things to bliss.

When the pliant tongue had lost its art,
Ah, how often would a look suffice!
Oft the weak subdued the stronger heart
Only by the aid of loving eyes.

See the maiden's frightened glances flitting
  Swiftly as the hunted dove about,
To conceal its secret wish of lighting
  On the youth whom love has singled out.

That which tongue were puzzled to indite,
  That which thought would scarcely dare to hold,
With glances, like twin meteors at night,
  In the twinkling of an eye is told.

See the loved one's eyes, while pulses tingle
  With the ardor of the first pure kiss,
And her rose-lipped "yes" — so coy and single —
  Crowns the lover's hope with unknown bliss.

Then it speaks its soul of passion tender
  While the tongue is vague and powerless,
And in sacred silence tears engender
  Words and answers lips can ne'er express.

See the eye with which a mother beams
  Upon the first-born, cuddling at her breast:
The heart's best joy, the soul's sublimest dreams
  Are written there, but not to be expressed.

Purer ne'er the moonbeam in a fountain
  Garlanded with flowerets around!
Morning's sun-rays, dancing on a mountain,
  Bring no such joys as in that eye abound.

Burn, Oh burn, thou wondrous light and power,
  Eye of woman, beam full bright and clear,
And, more glorious still in sorrow's hour,
  Shed thy tender, thy almighty tear!

E. W. Olson.

J. NYBOM.

Niagara. I.

I stood upon Niagara's dreary shore,
Consumed by flames within my bosom's core.
Methought the world, my inner sense did show me,
More untamed than the waves that roared below me.

A jet-black, starless cupola lay spread —
A pall thrown o'er the waves — above my head.
The storm king drove his car, the lightnings blazing;
But only I and ghosts of night were gazing.

All life so suddenly did flee away,
When thus grim Death began his giant play;
And Satan laughed from out the caves so shrilly,
That all the marrow in my bones felt chilly.

Thus through the midnight of my heart in ban
Despair drives madly on its savage span;
And demons of the passions in disguises
Laugh, scornfully, 'mongst breakers of the vices.

Once — although now it is quite long ago —
A blissful faith shone in my heart also,
But now the flames of unbelief are flying
About its dome. My hope, my soul are dying.

Once did I meet a maid in playful dance,
So sweetly blushing, with an angel's glance.
That glance did lie. A fool, whose heart was truthful,
I thought her pure as she was fair and youthful.

A fiend of darkness with an angel's sway
Soon in another lover's arms she lay,
And blushing at her sin's infatuation
Its chalice emptied to intoxication.

They used to warble in my ears, too, once,
That everlasting was their love's response;
But to no heart those warblers were appealing:
They had a tongue, but they were minus feeling.

Thou human race! Of what wilt thou yet boast?
Thou art a whitened tomb, just as thou wast.
Beneath the mask thou hid'st thy face of terror.
And boldly then denounce'st thy equal's error.

A pack of savage wolves with glance of lamb
Thou roam'st around the earth with idle sham.
Our God Himself thou claim'st to be resembling,
But that — thy pardon! — is on fiction trembling.

Thou hypocrite! About thy naked shame
Thou wrapp'st the fig leaves of a virtuous name,
And, thinking even God hath no suspicion,
Thou boldly ask'st amongst the saints admission.

Ah, wert thou in one person here, to-night,
I then would hurl thee from thy fancied height
Down in Niagara's tremendous river,
And bury thee with all thy crimes forever.

And when thy shame were with thyself asleep,
I'd hurl myself into the boiling deep.
What rapture sweet, when, like a demon-mother,
One fierce Niagara devoured the other.

EDWARD AXON.

H. SÄTHERBERG.

Niagara. II.

(*Reply to Nybom.*)

I also stood upon Niagara's shore,
Once in the hour of song. My feelings bore
Me upward, and the tune my heart was singing,
On myriad chords with hope and joy was ringing.

And on the giant stream where charmed I stood
My glance was flying with a buoyant mood.
I loved my life and every living creature,
And all was harmony in every feature.

There hung, link after link, from strand to strand,
A book of silver, written by God's hand —
A book about the ever young creation;
A song for earth's and heaven's admiration.

The deep was singing with its mighty voice
About a life of ever changing joys.
And answer came from out the silver mountains,
From flowery shores and dells and glitt'ring fountains.

The sultry atmosphere within my soul
Appeared to follow with the billow's roll.
My insignificance no more oppressed me:
I felt as if with wings my God had blest me.

And free from passion, and from doubt as well,
To me the earth did not appear a hell;
But life's bright promises were sweetly smiling,
And nothing was my peace of heart beguiling.

Why, Oh! why doubt the power of good that saves?
There dwell no devils in the mountain caves;
Nor from the streams we hear their voices yelling,
If they are not within our bosom dwelling.

And as the earth is not condemned, indeed,
She in her Father's eyes his love can read.
But bow thee humbly down, and thou'lt discover,
Kind hands are working in the deep all over.

And speak not with contempt the name of man!
The mighty One, from whom existence ran,
Doth not reject us, but his heart is tender.
The Saviour calls us and is our defender.

But do not ask to meet with angels here:
For angels God created not this sphere.
Earth is a school for human beings ever,
And children of her realm are angels never.

And, brother bard, belie thyself no more!
Thy soul is like the depth beneath this shore,
I know thy noble spirit, fellow singer,
And all the fire which doth within thee linger.

Thou lovest all and art beloved by all,
For hatred never did thy heart enthrall.
Thy last song was a jest — thou never meant it —
Go — throw it in Niagara - - repent it!

EDWARD AXON.

J. NYBOM

(*Continued.*)

Niagara. III.

(*Reply to Sätherberg.*)

'Midst storm and terror, in my fever dream,
I still was sitting at the mighty stream;
On death and darkness I was staring only.
I thought I surely there was sitting lonely.

Then suddenly I heard sweet music ring
Across Niagara, with charm of spring.
"Who hails me here with song?" I asked with wonder,
"It sounds like life, but death must grin thereunder."

Oh! no; there was a heart upon the strand.
Thus sings but one in all thé Northern land.
I know those strains, with Hope's sweet daybreak shining;
A lark, a nightingale, a dove combining.

Now caught my spirit's glance a heavenly sight:
The bow of triumph spanned the morning light,
And the last lustrous star was slowly dying:
A trembling lily in its dew tears lying.

Now lay Niagara enwrapped in song.
It seemed me there as if God passed along.
Thus was the heart of Saul to bliss awaking,
When David's harp the evil spell was breaking.

And swift and warm Niagara did roll,
Like the presentiment of a youthful soul,
Which, on the silent heart-waves softly gliding,
Is bright as day, but in seclusion hiding.

No longer now I heard the demon's voice
Laugh from the caves, nor in the cataract's noise.
The evil struck by song with consternation,
Becomes an angel under consolation.

Reconciliation is a glorious word,
Whose ocean depth holds more than earth conferred
Upon us, and no cold sophistication
Can give those syllables interpretation.

I'm reconciled. And now my harp may ring
With praise to God, and joy to people bring!
No more resound a fallen angel's curses,
No more despair be raving in my verses.

And with black colors I will paint no more.
I, bard of night, the moon and stars will pour
Into the night, that she with light may greet thee,
Nor at Niagara I more will meet thee.

Thanks, noble bard! In thy last song I find
Devotion, love, and beauty, all combined.
My former song, was it a jest, bemoan it,
For in Niagara I now have thrown it.

EDWARD AXON.

On Christmas Eve.

By thousands I see them, the candles aflame,
In mansions of luxury, splendor, and fame,
And tables with riches abounding.
My candle burns low with a flickering light;
Yet music and song from my chamber to-night
In melodies sweet are resounding.

Although I possess not great fortunes of gold,
My soul still doth quiver with tunes manifold
And deepfelt emotions are glowing.
For friends of the present and friends of the past,
All brethren, beloved, whose friendship did last,
My heart has a fountain still flowing.

In fanciful colors my mem'ry portrays
The scenes from my childhood's bright innocent days,
When life was with promises beaming.
The world proved a snare, soon the fast speeding years
Saw mingled my smiles and my penitent tears
While changing illusions were gleaming.

Magnificent, grand, were the views I did see,
The world seemed a charm and a vision to me,
As onward I heedlessly speeded.
The love of my childhood soon faded away,
But Innocence wept, as I wandered astray
And swiftly to ruin proceeded.

The haunts of my childhood, I visit again,
But where is the bosom, where I may remain,
The arms, in whose folds I may tarry?
The world and its lust, its corrupting embrace,
I trust not, but hope that God's infinite grace
My soul through the tempests may carry.

O Child, who for sinners didst fully atone:
O life giving Love, which hast conquered alone,
Come shower thy blessings from heaven!
Abide with me, Saviour, thy mercy proclaim!
I trust that in thee, in thy glorious name,
My sins are forever forgiven.

Most radiant Star, which illumined at night
The skies over Bethlehem, heavenly Light,
Oh, tell me thy wonderful story!
And when at life's ending, my harp is unstrung
Its music is silenced, its last songs are sung,
Illumine my pathway to glory!

CARL KRAFT.

Twilight Musings.

Evening, calm and fair,
In melodious prayer
Let me dream away my sorrow!
To my restless heart
Heavenly calm impart,
Strength renewing for the morrow.
Ev'ry evening to the holy realms of song
Let my spirit flee from earthly grief and wrong.
Evening, calm and fair,
In melodious prayer
Let me dream away my sorrow!

Daylight fades away;
Song and music stay
With the heart where love resideth
Of the joys I've known
Some indeed have flown,
But the best with me abideth.
And when twilight shadows gather once again
Music breathes into my soul her sweet Amen.
Daylight fades away;
Song and music stay
With the heart where love resideth.

O my restless heart,
Bid thy woes départ:
All the world is now reposing.
Many a flower fair
Now hath said her prayer,
Trustfully her eyelids closing.

Set thy soul in tune and fill thy life with song;
Heaven hath a balm for ev'ry earthly wrong.
O my restless heart,
Bid thy woes deport:
All the world is now reposing.

C. A. WENDELL.

C. W. STRANDBERG.

Thanks for Good Care!

Farewell, farewell, thanks for good care!
I hear a voice so still,
E'en now its whisperings, "Beware!"
My deepest bosom fill.
My evening draweth quickly nigh,
Ere long, perchance, I'll be on High.

But while life's flame my breast doth warm,
And ere my hands lie cold,
For every kindly earthly charm
My thanks I would have told.
The wounds received alone I know,
Their secret unto none I'll show.

Thanks for the country, yours and mine,
Which kindled in my heart
Its flame of freedom, strong as time,
That ne'er from earth shall part.
Remain, my country, great and free,
Howe'er the changing seasons flee.

Thanks for the country in the North,
Whose culture touched my mind,
For everything that it brought forth
That's noble, true, and kind.
For treasures stored in mem'ry's vale
And on hope's height, to thee my hail!

Thanks for the dear old mother-tongue,
Whose treasures yet I share,
A goodly heritage of song,
Of music strong and fair;
For thousand years our nation's pride,
In weal and woe our fortress tried.

Thanks for the Muse's playful tone,
Which oft my soul did fill
With soaring music not alone,
But truth more lasting still.
For Stjernhjelm, Spegel, scald and seer,
For Kjellgren, Lenngren, and Tegnér!

Thanks for a home whose walls, though poor,
Gave shelter day by day,
Where wife and children o'er and o'er
Heaped gladness on my way;
Where many a dawning morning found
Me as a youth refreshed and sound.

Thanks for a scanty, wholesome food.
Pale famine, causing fear,
Upon the threshold though it stood
Has never entered here.
Thanks for each kindly word that brought
New food and strength for will and thought.

Thanks for the blessing and the smile
With light upon my way
And for the cross, which yet awhile
I carry, lest I stray.
Thanks for the pain with focused eye
Upon life's goal beyond the sky.

Thanks for that goal to me revealed
In evening's fading light.
Thanks for the grave that will be sealed,
When I have made my flight.
Thanks for death's peaceful, quiet dell,
Where of my own so many dwell.

How sweetly, when on that great day,
Is cut each earthly tie,
To make through azure heights one's way,
Where glories never die,
Where ne'er is heard that sad, "Beware!"
Farewell, farewell, thanks for good care!

S. G. HÄGGLUND.

Prayer in War-Time.

Thou who worlds hast for thy kingdom,
  Hear the prayer addressed to Thee!
Pour thy grace unprecedented
  Down on us eternally.

Thine the power, Thine the glory;
  Grant that freedom may be ours.
If Thou'rt with us, then destruction
  On our fireside never lowers.

Clean as ever marble tablet,
  History has for us a page —
Where may Svea write with bloodshed
  The last Iliad of her age!

When she cannot guard her hearth-stones
  May the sun not longer shine!
May the heaven's last star expire
  With our fallen liberties!

C. SNOILSKY.

Christmas Eve in Rome.

My land, my land, how fares my land, with snow upon the ground,
With Christmas joy and Christmas lights, and lakes where bells resound?
I have no home, I have no hearth, I have no resting place.
Shall I be still remembered there? My heart is whispering: Yes.

God's blessing o'er thee, mine own land! and may illumine thee
All peace-engendered brightness; then may all be dark for me.
May 'neath the snow, where it is laid, the grain sprout far and high,
And bread grow affluent in the glow of Svea's nightly sky!

The pomp and splendor of the South are naught to me this hour,
Nor murmuring water's merry dance in shadowy laurel-bower.
The play of colors quickly changed for me to dark and dead;
Afar from here — I know the place — afar my soul has fled.

I see a town, a well-known town. Both in the rich man's place
And in the poor man's cottage now the friendly candles blaze.
To-night shall nowhere wanted be the bread so good and white.
And not the frozen sparrows e'en shall suffer want to-night.

C. SNOILSKY.

I see a home — I know it well — the yule-tree's lights I view,
The children stand with folded hands as I was wont to do.
Without is cold and gloomy now, the snow is drifting wild;
Within is bright and warm; to-day was born the Holy Child.

God's blessing on this home, and her who now in childish joy
Is gladdened by each yearned-for gift, each little Christmas toy.
My presence knowest thou, my dear? Oh, tell me, feelest thou
My spirit's wavering pinion-beats so frequent round thee now?

Oh ye on whom a mutual love this blissful hour bestows,
Who fondly wander hand in hand, and mouth to mouth repose.
'Tis not a shivering sparrow now your window hovers nigh;
'Tis but a heart in loneliness that doth withouten sigh.

ALBIN BERNAYS.

C. D. af WIRSÉN.

Love and Books.

Still dumb thou sittest, with a downcast look,
The world forgetting o'er a brown old book;

When she who would be always near thee tries
In silence to embrace thee with her eyes.

Say not so sharply "Leave me here in peace!"
Nay! leave thy book, and from dull reading cease;

Since many a man who sits alone, perplexed,
Would yield all else to be so teased and vexed.

Give up thy book of life for Love to paint
With golden pictures of a household saint,

With miniatures whose blazon may provide
For days that shall grow dark a light and guide;

So when thou turn'st the page where love struck blind
Thy bookish eyes, an angel thou shalt find.

EDMUND GOSSE.

T. F. GRAFSTRÖM.

The Dream.

I dreamt one night that in a church I was,
And all things there were shining rich with gold,
And easy chairs to sit conveniently
And listen to the sermon, but for praying
Was poorly cared: impossible it was
Upon your knees to pray. A multitude
Had gathered there; they stood along the aisles,
And down into the vestibule they crowded.
Into the pulpit there stepped up a man,
Who for his discourse chose a subject strange.
He said: "This Christ, the Lord, he liveth not.
For nineteen centuries he has been dead
And in the tomb. All this is fake and fiction
About divinity and sacred works,
His wonder-working power and life in death.
In wisdom, great as few, perhaps as none,
He speaketh yet sublimely from the tomb
Of vice and virtue; with fanatism
Which we commend much sooner than we follow,
A spirit world he builds upon the earth."
To all the words that from the pulpit came
The multitude with pleasure hearkened. "No one,"
They said, "has heretofore conceived in truth
What Christ hath taught; now soon two thousand years
Mistake has there been made, now breaks the day,
Now comes the truth, a timely one it is."

Contentedly they whispered, felt themselves
So overhappy by this new discourse.
But unobserved they one by one dispersed.
Along the aisle the crowded multitude
Thinned out, and in the pews they people sa
With much more comfort. Gaps were soon perceived,
Increasing more and more. At last
The pews were empty; then the service ended.
The speech dissolved in milli-colored bombast.
The splendor of the church had passed away.
In broken window-panes the spiders spun
Their webs, and through the arches blew the wind.
It seemed a ruin in the night, so dark
And dreary. Lo! at once a light appeared!
A holy brightness spread about the altar.
Who stood there, high, transfigured? Christ himself!
The dead, behold, he lived! And to his church
He then returned, and sought his own forthwith.
And here and there amongst the broken pillars
Stepped forth to him a faithful soul, who waited
Throughout betrayal and in deep decline,
His coming back. With strides, of holy joy
Inspired, they ran to greet Him at His coming.
They soon knelt down around the altar-ring,
A wreath of various ages: men and children,
The tender maid, just in the spring of life,
And fragile woman — leaning on a staff,
The wise one — captured not by "wordly wisdom",
The mighty ruler and the beggar poor.
And Christ, the Lord Himself, bent down to speak
Before them all, and said: "Blessed are they
Who see not, yet believe." In raiment white
They then were clad, a holy ray disclosed
Them there, — that ray it straightway stuck my eye, —
I woke, and then the dream had vanished.

A. C. YOUNGDAHL.

OSCAR II.

OSCAR II.

The Baltic.

Thou blue-colored sea, that for many an age
With Scandia's cliffs hast contested,
And broken thy fetters of ice in thy rage,
Then rolled on thy billows, snow-crested,
Of thee is my song, for I long to be there,
When the billows are lashing the breakers.

How pleasant the strand, how refreshing the shore,
When light vernal zephers are straying,
When waves now are green, and now blaze as before,
And sunbeams above them are playing;
The foam of the surges, how brilliantly white,
When billows are lashing the breakers.

When Hurricanes rage and destruction prevails,
When mermaids their terror betoken,
When masts and the ropes and the well-woven sails
By winds and fierce torrents are broken,
My heart swells with pride, inconceivable pride,
'Mong billows that roar at the breakers.

Methinks that a sound more than commonly clear,
So varied and full of emotion,
Whose keynote speaks pleasure and joy to the ear,
Re-echoes far over the ocean.
Though winds rise and fall, it is mighty and strong,
When billows are lashing the breakers.

The sailor's dark battles with wind and with wave
Require unyielding persistence;
Yet calmly he sails o'er the watery grave,
In love with his rugged existence,
And ploughs through the spray among dangerous rocks,
When billows are lashing the breakers.

He wrestles with winds, like fierce troopers arrayed,
With fogs and the water's dread power,
And often, aye, often, his hope is dismayed,
At midnight in misery's hour!
Of mortals not any e'er witness his strife;
But billows that lash at the breakers.

He loves the blue waves from the depth of his heart;
He seeks to encounter their danger.
To seas far away, he delights to depart,
Away from the hut of the granger.
What wonderful charms there are hidden, indeed,
In billows that lash at the breakers!

And therefore I sing, and in truth I adore
To see the blue waves in the distance,
A beckoning light around Scandia's shore,
A guide to all noble existence,
While countless traditions from days that are past
Ring forth, when the waves lash the breakers.

Fair fetterless sea, whose wild water ne'er paused
From strife, but ships seek to devour,
Oh, sing me a song of the deeds that thou saw'st,
And let me interpret their power;
For charmed, I will listen to all that thou say'st,
When billows are lashing the breakers.

If enemies e'er threathen our own native shore,
And fleets, to our welfare untruthful,
Then take the old bugle and sound it once more:
"To arms, both the aged and the youthful!"
The clash of our weapons shall answer the call,
When billows are lashing the breakers;

For men of the North are as brave as of old
'Mong mountains and valleys the fairest;
Their faith is in God and in warriors bold;
Their language, the ancient, the rarest;
And he who assails us shall find a sad grave
In billows that lash at the breakers.

A. J. Pearson.

When?

When sprouts from hoary drift that blossom tender
Which is the object of the world's desire?
When will Time's oracle an answer render
To what our hearts petition and aspire?

How long must Thought await that cloudless heaven
Which shall transfigure this dark earth of ours?
What strikes the clock of time when light is given
Its final victory o'er obscuring powers?

Thus asks the seer, on his harp reclining,
But from its strings can no response excite,
Though waiting, wishing, hoping, and repining.
The misty present veils the future quite;
But once comes day, when of the clouds the lining
Becomes eternal, universal Light.

YPSILON.

PROSE

Z. TOPELIUS.

Judith and Holofernes.

(From The Surgeon's Stories)

It was now very late, and Oxenstjerna was on the point of retiring, when the officer on guard, Bertel, announced that a veiled lady persistently demanded an audience with the king. This unusual request, at such an hour, astonished both Gustaf Adolf and his companion; but, supposing some important reason under so secret a visit, the king commanded Bertel to usher in the stranger, and requested Oxenstjerna to remain.

Bertel went out, and returned in a moment with a tall and slender lady dressed in black and closely veiled. She seemed frightened, and surprised not to find the king alone; no word passed her lips.

"Madam," said the king, rather brusquely, — for he was but little pleased at this nocturnal visit, which, if it became known, might excite gossip among the courtiers, and perhaps cause jealousy in his sensitive wife — "madam, a call at this time must have a weighty cause, and I desire in the first place to know who you are."

The veiled lady made no reply. The king thought that he guessed the reason of her silence, and continued, pointing to his neighbor:

"This is Chancellor Oxenstjerna, *my friend;* and from him I have no secrets."

The lady in black threw herself at the king's feet, and raised the veil. The king started as he recognized Lady Regina von Emmeritz, whose dark eyes flashed with ecstatic fire, while a marble paleness overspread her delicate and transparent features.

"Stand up, my lady," said Gustaf Adolf, gently, as he reached the kneeling woman his hand and raised her. "Why do you come to me at this hour? Speak, I beg of you! Reveal without fear that which oppresses your heart, as I have already asked you to do."

Regina breathed deeply, and began in a voice which, at first scarcely audible, soon, through her burning enthusiasm, became clear and strong.

"Your majesty, I come to you because you asked me to. I come to you because I have hated you, sire; because I have for a long time prayed daily to the Holy Virgin that she might destroy you and your whole army. Your majesty, I am a weak girl, but a faithful Catholic. You have persecuted our Church, you have allowed our cloisters to be plundered, expelled our holy fathers, and melted the images of the saints; you have slain our troops, and done our cause irreparable harm. Therefore I have sworn with a sacred oath to destroy you; and in reliance upon the Holy Virgin's help, I have followed you from Würtzburg with the design of killing you."

The king exchanged a glance with Oxenstjerna, which expressed a doubt of the fanatical girl's sanity. Regina noticed this, and continued with a firmer bearing:

"Sire, you believe me insane, because I say such things to you, the conqueror of Germany. But hear me to the end! When I saw you for the first time in Würtzburg Castle, and witnessed the humane mildness with which you protected the weak and granted life to your subjugated enemies, then I said to myself: It is the evil power which simulates the mercy of Heaven. But when I followed you here, and close by you, saw your greatness as an individual, and added it to your greatness as a hero . . . sire, then my resolution wavered, my hatred began to abate; I struggled with myself, and this evening your kindness has overcome my

before unalterable purpose. Sire, I now love you, as I have hitherto hated you . . . I admire you, revere you . . ."

And the beautiful girl cast down her eyes to the floor.

"Well, then?" said the king, hesitatingly, and with some emotion.

"Your majesty, I have made this confession because you are sufficiently noble and high-minded not to misunderstand me. But I have not come to you at such an hour merely to disclose the feelings of an unhappy girl. I have come here to save you, sire . . ."

"Explain yourself!"

"Hear me, your majesty! I am disarmed, but others, who are more dangerous, remain. Six Jesuits in Augsburg have sworn to kill you . . . Oh, you know not of what these men are capable! They have drawn lots for your life, and the most dangerous among them steals around your person every day. Your majesty cannot escape them. Some day — perhaps to-morrow — you will be reached by the dagger or by poison. Your death is certain."

"My life is in God's hands, and not in those of a miserable secret assassin," answered Gustaf Adolf, calmly. "The evil have not power proportioned to their will. Be not alarmed, Lady von Emmeritz; I fear them not."

"Nay, sire, the saints have decreed your death. I know you trust in this ring," — Regina seized the king's hand, — but it will not help you. Sire, I tell you that your death is sure; and I have not come here to save your life, and thus betray the cause of our holy Church."

"And wherefore, my lady, do you now stand here?"

Regina again threw herself devotedly at the king's feet.

"Sire, I have come *to save your soul.* I cannot endure the thought that a hero like you, so noble, so great, shall be lost for all eternity. Hear me, I entreat! I conjure your majesty, by your hope of salvation, not to persist in your heretic belief, the fruit of which is damnation, when you have certain death before your eyes. Be persuaded! turn while it is yet time; turn to the only saving Catholic Church; abjure your heretic faith; go to the holy father in Rome, confess your sin to him, and use your victorious

arms in the service of the Church, instead of employing them to her ruin. She will receive you with open arms, and then, whether your majesty lives or dies, you will always be sure of a place among the chosen saints in heaven."

The king for a second time lifted up the excited girl, looked steadily and calmly into her flashing eyes, and answered seriously:

"When I was young, like you, Lady von Emmeritz, my teacher, the old Skytte, brought me up in the same burning zeal for the Evangelical doctrines which you now entertain for the Catholic. I hated the pope, at that time, with all my soul, as you now hate Luther: and I prayed God that the day might come when I could dethrone Antichrist, and convert all his followers to the true faith. Since then I have not changed my conviction, but I have learned that the ways are many, if the spirit is one. I stand firm with the Evangelical faith I profess, for which I am prepared to die on the field, if God so wills. But I respect a Christian's belief, even if it differs in some points from mine; and I know that God's mercy is able to bring a heart to salvation, although the way may be beset with error and danger. Go, Lady von Emmeritz; I forgive you that, deluded by the monks' fanatical teachings, you have tried to turn the Lord's champion from his struggle for the light. Go, poor girl, and let God's word and your own experience teach you not to place reliance upon the saints, who are nothing else but sinners like ourselves, or upon images and rings, which are not able to avert the judgment of the Supreme. I thank you; for you have meant well, although in childish ignorance. Be not concerned for my life; it is in the hands of One who knows to what end He wishes to use me."

King Gustaf Adolf was grand as he uttered these words.

Lady Regina was at once depressed and elevated by the king's sublime tolerance. She perhaps remembered his answer to the citizens of Frankfort, when they asked to be allowed to remain neutral: "Neutrality is a word which I cannot possibly endure, least of all in the strife between light and darkness, between freedom and slavery." Educated in hatred of a different faith, she could not comprehend how it was possible that the same sword which destroyed the worldly supremacy of the

Church, mercifully lowered its point before its spiritual power over the heart and conscience.

The impassioned girl raised her tearful eyes to the king; then her cheeks paled which had so lately burned with the flush of enthusiasm, and she stared with horror at the scarlet hangings of the king's bed.

Oxenstjerna, who, more suspicious than Gustaf Adolf, had constantly, with watchful eyes, followed the strange girl's motions, immediately perceived her frightened glance.

"Your majesty," said he, in Swedish, to the king, "be on your guard; there are owls in the swamp."

And without awaiting an answer, he drew his sword and advanced resolutely to the sumptuous bed — a gift of the citizens of Frankfort, the swelling eider-down cushions of which the royal hero had had exchanged for a simple hair mattress and a coarse blanket of Saxony wool, such as his soldiers used in their winter quarters.

"Hold!" exclaimed Regina, almost involuntarily. But it was too late. Oxenstjerna had, with a quick motion, thrown back the hangings; and behind them appeared a corpse-like face, with dark, burning eyes, and a head covered by a black leather calotte. Another fold of the scarlet was removed, disclosing the full figure of a monk, with hands clasped over a crucifix of silver.

"Step forth, reverend father," said Oxenstjerna, mockingly. "So modest a position does not befit such a reverend man. Your reverence has chosen an unusual place to perform your evening devotions. If his majesty permits me, I will procure you several hearers."

And, at the sound of the bell, Lieutenant Bertel entered, with two of the body-guard, who, with their long halberds, were posted on each side of the entrance.

The king fastened upon Lady Regina a look in which was reflected more of sorrow than of anger. It grieved him that so young and beautiful a girl could be an accomplice in such black treason.

"Mercy, your majesty! mercy for my father confessor! He is innocent!" exclaimed the young girl, beseechingly.

"Will your majesty allow me to put some questions in your place?" asked Oxenstjerna.

"Do as seems best to you, chancellor!" said the king.

"Well, then, what has your reverence to do here?"

"To restore a great sinner to the arms of the only saving Church!" replied the monk cunningly, with a pious glance toward heaven.

"Indeed! One must acknowledge that your zeal is great. And for so holy an object you bring with you the image of the crucified Saviour?"

The monk bowed, and made the sign of the cross devoutly.

"Your reverence is very pious. Hand me the crucifix, that I may admire so precious a treasure."

The monk reluctantly handed him the image.

"A fine piece of work! It must have been a skillful artist who ornamented this sacred image." And with this the chancellor's hands felt carefully all over the crucifix. Finally, at a pressure on the breast of the image, a sharp-edged dagger appeared.

"Ah! your reverence is also familiar with innocent playthings. Such a well-sharpened dagger, just suitable to pierce the heart of a noble king! . . . Miserable monk!" continued Oxenstjerna, in crushing tones, "do you know that your abominable crime becomes a hundred-fold more abominable through the impious means you employ?"

Like all the kings of the Vasa branch, Gustaf Adolf was in his youth a person of hot temper, which more than once led him to hasty deeds. The ripening influence of manhood, and a rich life-experience, had somewhat cooled his fiery disposition; but occasionally the Vasa blood boiled over. This occurred now. He was great enough to regard with the composure of majesty a base treason against his life, upon which, however, Germany's weal or woe depended at that moment; and he looked down with calm contempt upon the convicted traitor, who stood there trembling before his judge. But the base misuse of the Saviour's holy image, in turning it as a murderous weapon against one who, for the pure Evangelical faith of Jesus Christ, was prepared to

sacrifice his life, this seemed to him so frightful a profanation of all that he considered sacred and precious in life, that his calmness in an instant changed to the most violent anger. Large and powerful, like a lion in a rage, he stood before the deathly pale Jesuit, who was unable to endure his fiery glance.

"On your knees!" cried the king, in thundering tones, and stamping his foot on the floor so violently that the palace walls echoed the sound.

The Jesuit fell down, as if struck by lightning, and crept in deadly anguish to the king's feet, like a venomous serpent, which, charmed by the conjuror's gaze, impotently crawls in the dust at the feet of its conqueror.

"Ye brood of vipers!" continued the king, beside himself with rage, "how long do you expect that the Almighty will tolerate your shameful mockery? God knows I have seen much. I have seen your Antichrist and Rome, the Babylonian harlot, prevail over the world with all the deeds of darkness; I have seen you, monks and Jesuits, poison the frightened conscience with your devilish doctrines of murder and villainy committed for the glory of heaven; but a deed so black as this, a blasphemy so opposed to all that is most sacred in heaven and on earth, I have never before been able to imagine. I have forgiven you everything. You have conspired against my life at Demmin and elsewhere, I have not taken revenge. You have behaved worse than Turks and heathen toward the innocent Lutherans; wherever you have had power, there you have laid waste and desecrated their churches, burnt them alive at your heretic stakes, driven them away from house and home, and, what is more, you have tried with persuasions and threats to draw them over to your idolatrous faith, which worships deeds and miserable images, instead of the living God and His only begotten Son. All this I have not revisited upon your cloisters and churches and consciences. You have gone free in your belief, and no one has on that score harmed a hair on your heads. But now at last I know you, you servants of the Devil! The Lord God has given you into my hand. I will scatter you like chaff; I will chastise you, ye profaners of sanctuaries, and pursue you to the world's end,

so long as this arm is able to wield the sword of the Lord God. You have hitherto beheld me merciful and mild; you shall henceforth behold me hard and formidable. I shall, with God's power, uproot you and your cursed doctrines from the earth; and there will be a new order of things, such as the world has not seen since the fall of Rome."

And the king paced the floor excitedly, without honoring with a look the Jesuit lying at his feet, or the trembling Regina, who, standing apart in the recess of a window, buried her face in her hands. Oxenstjerna, always calm and self-possessed, feared some imprudent steps from the king's hastiness, and tried to avert the storm.

"Will your majesty be pleased," said he, "to order Lieutenant Bertel to place this monk in safe custody, and let the court-martial make a terrifying example of him?"

"Grace, your majesty!" exclaimed Regina, who cherished a blind affection for her father confessor. "Grace! I am the only criminal. It is I who persuaded him to this unfortunate step; I alone deserve to be punished for it."

At this noble self-sacrifice, a ray of hope passed over the Jesuit's pale features, but he did not dare to rise. The king paid no heed to the suppliant. Instead, his wrath turned upon the guard.

"Lieutenant Bertel," said he sharply, "you have had command over my body-guard to-night; through your neglect has this scoundrel stolen in. Take him to jail immediately, and answer with your head that he does not escape. After that, you can resume your place in the ranks. You are from this moment degraded to be a common soldier."

Bertel gave the salute, and answered not a word. The loss of his master's good-will grieved him more than the loss of his position; all the more because he had kept his post with the utmost vigilance. How the Jesuit got in was to him a complete enigma.

In the meantime the latter had embraced the king's knees, and begged for mercy; but in vain. Gustaf Adolf pushed him

back, and he was carried off, gnashing his teeth, and with revengeful heart.

The king then turned to the trembling girl at the window, took her hand, and looked her sharply in the eyes.

"Lady," said he sternly, "it is said that when the prince of darkness wishes to accomplish some especially atrocious work on the earth, he sends out his emissaries disguised as angels of light. What do you expect me to think of you?"

Regina had sufficient courage to lift her eyes to her formidable questioner. "I have nothing more to say. Kill me, sire, but spare my father confessor!" repeated she, with the inflexible resolution of fanaticism.

The king gave her a dark glance, and his scarcely subdued anger fermented again in his breast.

"If your father, lady, had been a righteous man, he would have taught his daughter to fear God, honor the king, and speak the truth before all persons. You have tried to convert me; I shall, in return, educate you, for you seem to need it. Go! you remain my prisoner until you have learned truthfulness. Oxenstjerna, is the old stern Märtha of Korsholm still alive?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"She shall have a pupil to educate. At the first opportunity send this girl to Finland."

Regina left the room, mute and proud.

"Your majesty!" said Oxenstjerna, with mild reproachfulness.

SELMA BORG AND MARIE BROWN.

NOTE. This story is taken from the "First Cycle of the Surgeon's Stories" by permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

Star-Eye.

(From Stories for Children.)

There was once a little child lying all alone in the snow far out upon the mountains. How did it come to be there? It had dropped out from a passing sled.

It was the day before Christmas. A Laplander was driving over the dismal mountains with his reindeer. Behind him came his wife with her reindeer, for in Lapland each sled holds but one person. The snow glittered, the northern lights streamed brightly, and the stars twinkled in the clear, wintry sky. The happy Laplander thought this a glorious drive, and every now and then looked behind him to see how his wife was getting along. She held in her arms her little child, wrapped in a thick, warm reindeer skin. But it was hard for her to drive and hold her child too.

When they had reached the top and were about to descend the other side, they were met by a pack of wolves. There were a great many of them, some forty or fifty, as is often the case in Lapland in winter. They were ravenously hungry, and with a terrific howl they began to pursue the Laplander and his wife and child.

When the two reindeer saw the wolves and heard the howling, they started down the mountain with such lightning speed that the sleds were thrown from side to side, and rolled over and over again and again. The Laplander and his wife were not strangers to such scenes. They held on to their sleds; but for the time they could neither hear nor see anything. In this terrible flight the little child was dropped in the snow. The good mother cried in vain to the reindeer to stop, for the reindeer knew that the wolves were close upon their heels and that to stop would be fatal. The flight continued for some time until the wolves were left far behind.

The little child lay there in the snow, wrapped in the reindeer skin, and looked up at the stars. In a moment the wolves were upon it. The poor child couldn't move hand or foot, for it was tied up. It could only look at the hungry wolves. It did not cry, it did not move, it only looked. But the look of a little child's innocent eyes has a wonderful power. The hungry wolves stopped for a moment, looked into the innocent face of the child, seemed to be struck with awe, and then with a fresh howl they renewed the pursuit.

The child now lay alone in the snow on the wild and lonely mountain. It looked up at the stars, and the stars looked down on it; and a friendship seemed to be established between them. The infinitely large and beautiful suns that twinkle in the midnight heavens seemed to take pity on this helpless little child of earth. And however long or short the child looked up at them or they looked down upon the child, their beautiful light seemed to remain in the eyes of the child for ever afterwards. Nevertheless the child must soon have frozen to death if God had not ordered that a certain traveler should come that way. It was a Finnish pioneer from the neighborhood of Enare church. He was on his way home from the Norwegian town of Vadso, where he had bought some flour and salt for Christmas. He found the child and took it up in his sled and took it home.

The pioneer reached home early Christmas morning, just as the church bell of Enare was ringing for early Christmas service. He at once took the child into the house, and handed it to his wife, saying, "Here is a little Christmas present for you." And then after he had wiped the frost from his hair and beard, he told how he had found it.

The pioneer's wife took the child, undid the wrappings, and then gave it some sweet milk to drink. "God has sent you to us," she said. "Poor child! Have you no father or mother? Then Simon Sorsa shall be your father and I will be your mother, you shall be our child. Simmu, and Palte, and Matte will be glad to have a little sister. I wonder if you have been baptized, child?"

"That is not so certain," said the pioneer. "The Lapps live

far from church and minister, and usually keep their children and bring them in a body to be baptized. The children often drive to the minister's themselves and take his hand and say 'Amen' when he has baptized them. As we have service now, it is best that we take the child at once to church and have it baptized."

The wife thought this a wise suggestion. The little foundling was accordingly baptized and received the name of *Elizabeth*, for its foster-mother. The minister wondered at the twinkling of the child's eyes, and said jestingly, afterwards, "*Star-eye* is what you should have been called, and not *Elizabeth*."

The pioneer's wife thought such talk heathenish, and told her husband. But he, too, had noticed the bright twinkle in the child's eyes, and said that he thought this name might be as good as the other.

"What!" said his wife, "you do not mean to put any witchcraft into the child? You know that she is a Lapp-child, and that the Lapps are addicted to witchcraft. Simmu and Palte and Matte have as fine gray eyes as she has brown, and if you wish to give her a nickname call her *Cat-eye*, that will do just as well."

The pioneer did not wish to offend his wife, and so said no more about it. But the minister's words were repeated, and from that day the neighbors all called Simon Sorsa's little foundling *Star-eye*.

The little girl grew up with her three foster-brothers, and was as slender and graceful as the boys were strong and chubby. Like most Lapp-children, she had black hair and brown eyes, and was of a quiet and peaceable disposition. The four children grew up together in a spirit of harmony and affection, except that the boys would sometimes, for the sake of variety, pull each other's hair. The pioneer and his wife loved the four children equally well. Everything prospered about the place; and no other father or mother ever inquired about Star-eye, for what could the Laplander and his wife think but that their child had been eaten by wolves?

Star-eye was not more than three years old when her foster-mother began to notice something about her which she could

not fully understand. The child had a strange power in her eyes, which no one could resist. She never disputed with anyone, and never defended herself when the little boys hurt her or wronged her in any way. She only looked at them, and in an instant they were ready to do anything to please her. The black cat with its glowing eyes did not dare to look at her, and Kettu, the shaggy brown dog, would stop his barking and growling whenever she looked at him. Her foster-mother even imagined that her eyes twinkled in the dark, and that they had power even over the wind and the weather, for one day when a terrible snow-storm was raging over the mountains, Star-eye stole quietly out and sat down on the door-steps to look at the storm, and in a few minutes it was all over.

Much as the good foster-mother loved the child, she did not take kindly to this strange power. "Stop looking at me," she said once in a vexed tone. "You seem to wish to look through me."

The child was hurt and cast her eyes to the floor; she thought her foster-mother was angry with her. The good woman felt rebuked; she patted the child on the head and said, "Don't cry, little one, you can't help that you are a Lapp-child."

One day when Star-eye was three years old, her foster-mother was sitting at her wheel thinking of her husband, who was again away from home. She remembered that the horse had lost the shoe on the left hind foot, and she was wondering how it could get along. Star-eye was sitting in a corner, playing that the little stool in front of her was a horse, and as she was driving her horse, she said, "Mother is thinking that you have lost the shoe on your left hind foot."

"How do you know that?" asked her mother, looking up in surprise.

"Lisbeth saw it," replied the child.

The good woman was troubled, but said nothing. She decided, however, to keep a watchful eye on the child. A few days later a stranger stopped at the place over night. In the morning the pioneer's wife noticed that a gold ring, which had been left on the table during the night, was missing. The

stranger was suspected, and his pockets were all searched, but no ring was found. Just then Star-eye woke up, and, with a surprised look at the man, said, "He has a ring in his mouth." The ring was found, and the stranger quickly made his escape. But the pioneer's wife did not as yet appear to take any notice of the strange occurrence.

Some days passed by, and Palte took sick with the measles. The minister, who served also as physician, was summoned. The pioneer's wife had two salmons, a large one and a small one; she intended to give one of them to the minister for coming to see the sick boy. "Shall I give him the little one or the big one?" she thought to herself. "I think the little one will do."

Star-eye sat in a corner and held a brush in her lap. The brush was a child and had the measles; the broom standing by was the minister. "Shall I give you the little salmon or the big salmon?" she said to the broom. "I think the little one will do."

Her mother heard it all, and every word stung her to the quick. When the minister was gone, she could no longer restrain her anger, but said to Star-eye, "Now I see that witchcraft will never leave you, and you are not to look at me any more with your bewitched eyes. You are to stay in the cellar and come up only once a day to get your food, and then you are to have a thick towel tied over your eyes, so that you may not look through people any more, until the wicked art has left you."

This was a harsh way to treat a poor child, who had never done any harm to anyone, but her foster-mother was superstitious, like so many others, and fully believed in the witchcraft for which Lapland is so celebrated. She accordingly shut the child up in the dark cellar, but gave her both food and bed, so that she did not have to starve or freeze. She had everything, except freedom, love, companionship, and sunlight.

The pioneer was away from home, and Star-eye sat alone in the cellar. It was not a very pleasant situation; but a contented heart can make sunshine anywhere. Star-eye had companions, there was a block of wood, a broken crock, a spool, a stick of wood, a broken bottle, and a tub. The block of wood was her foster-father, the broken crock her foster-mother, the spool, the

stick of wood, and the broken bottle were her brothers; and all of them, except the block of wood, lived in the tub. Star-eye sang for them and the mice listened to her song.

The pioneer's wife had a gossipy neighbor, named Murra. The two women were together on the day before Christmas, and the conversation turned on the witchcraft of Lapland. The mother was engaged in knitting. Simmu was playing with some copper coins, Palte was mashing a brick-bat, and Matte was tying a string around the kitten's leg. Then Star-eye was heard singing in the cellar as she was rocking the spool in her lap:

"Mother knits the fine, soft wool;
  See the pretty mitten!
Matte e'er with mischief full,
  Binds the little kitten;
Simmu counts his copper coins,
  Not a king is prouder;
Palte crushes with a stone
  Brick-bats into powder.
Out the sun is peeping.
  Now the spool is sleeping."

"What is the Lap-kid singing in the cellar?" asked Murra.

"She is singing for the play-things in the tub," answered the pioneer's wife.

"But she can see through the floor all that we do," remarked Murra. "She can see the sun in the dark cellar."

"Indeed, I am afraid she can," sighed the pioneer's wife. "Alas! I am afraid she is a witch-child."

"I know what to do," said the wicked Murra, "tie seven towels over her eyes and place seven carpets over the cellar-door, and she will not see anything."

"That will I try at once," said the foster-mother, and went to the cellar and tied seven towels over the poor child's eyes, and laid seven carpets over the trap-door to the cellar. But by and by, when it grew dark and the northern lights began to stream in the sky, and two red rings were seen in the heaven, Star-eye again began to sing:

"Now the little stars are out,
Little stars that love me;
And two colored bows I see,
In the heavens above me;
Little stars are peeping in,
Peeping in to cheer me;
E'en the red bows on me smile,
With their light so near me.
Little stars so dear,
Christmas now is near."

"Listen to that now," said Murra, "she can see the stars and the northern lights. She is the worst witch-child I ever saw."

"It can't be possible," said the pioneer's wife, "I will go at once to the cellar and see." She went and found the child with her head tied up in seven towels, even as she had left her. "Do you even now see the stars?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the child, "I see them, oh, so many! It is so clear and light, mother, Christmas is coming!"

The woman returned and told it all to Murra. And Murra said, "Now there is nothing to do but to dig a hole seven cubits deep, and put the child in it, and cover it up with dirt. That will help it."

"No," returned the pioneer's wife, "that I will never do. It would be too bad for the poor child, besides, my husband would be sorry to hear it."

"Well, then, give her to me," said Murra, "and I will take her back to Lapland."

"Only don't hurt her in any way," said the pioneer's wife.

"What harm would I do her?" asked Murra. "I will take her back to the place she came from."

Murra took the child, wrapped her in a reindeer skin, and carried her out to the mountain. There she placed little Star-eye in a snow-drift, and went away saying, "I have done as I promised: she came from a snow-drift, and to a snow-drift have I returned her."

Star-eye lay wrapped in the reindeer skin in the snow-drift, looking up at the stars. It was again Christmas night, as three

years ago. The innumerable, infinitely large, and brilliant orbs of heaven again looked down with pity upon the helpless and innocent child. They looked into her eyes and into her heart, and found nothing there but innocence and adoration. Then the child's eyes shone with a still brighter light, and penetrated even beyond the stars to the very veil of the invisible throne, where the angels move up and down with messages to the millions of worlds in God's boundless creation. And the night was still and clear and wrapped in silent adoration.

Early in the morning before the children were yet awake, the pioneer came home from his long journey. When he inquired about the children his wife replied that Palte had had the measles, but was well again, and that Simmu and Matte were fat and round like her Christmas buns.

"But Star-eye, how is she?" he asked.

"She is well," replied his wife, for she was afraid to tell him the truth, and her conscience upbraided her too.

"We must take good care of her," said the pioneer. "I had a strange dream last night while asleep in my sled. I thought I saw a beautiful star fall upon my lap-robe. And the star spoke and said, 'Take me and care for me and I will be a blessing in thy house.' But when I reached out my hand to take it, behold, it was gone. And I awoke and began to think how God had blessed us in everything since we took the little stranger into our house. But before that nothing prospered. We were sick and poor. Our crops frosted, our cows were killed by bears, our sheep torn by wolves. Everything is different now. It is because God blesses the merciful, and his angels take special care of innocent and helpless children."

When his wife heard this she was greatly troubled, but dared not tell the truth about Star-eye. Presently the boys woke up, and rushed at once to their father. He was delighted to see them all looking so well, and when he had rocked them on his knees for ahwile, he asked for Star-eye.

"Mother has shut her up in the cellar," said Simmu.

"Mother has tied seven towels over her eyes and put seven carpets over the cellar door," said Palte.

"Mother has given her to Murra, and Murra has carried her to the mountain," said Matte.

When the pioneer heard this he turned red with anger, but his wife turned white as a sheet, and said, "She was a Lapp-child, and the Lapps are given to witchcraft."

The pioneer said nothing, but tired as he was, he went to the barn and hitched his horse to the sled once more. Then he drove to Murra's hut, and compelled her to go along with him and show him where she had placed the child. They drove to the foot of the mountain, and then tied the horse to a tree, and made the rest of the way on skees. When they came to the place where she had put the child, they saw a little depression in the snow where the child had been lying, but Star-eye they could not find. They hunted all around, but found no trace of her. They saw tracks of snow-shoes near by, and concluded that some one had found her and taken pity on her once more.

The wicked Murra never returned, for the wolves made her their prey. But the pioneer reached his home, just as the church bell was ringing for Christmas service. His wife was sitting at home, shedding bitter tears af repentance. She felt that she could not go to church to praise the Lord this day. She had gone to feed the sheep in the morning, and found that the wolves had broken in, and not a sheep was left.

"Our punishment has already begun," said the pioneer, "but now, mother, let us take the children and go to church, for we have committed a great sin, for which we must ask forgiveness."

From that day nothing has been heard of Star-eye, but it is hoped that some traveler, led by some good angel, found her in the snow and took her to his home. And there let us hope that she found a better and happier home to bless and to cheer. She will always continue to see more than other people. She will see through closed doors and double walls. She will see through people's hearts, and penetrate beyond the stars, yea, even to the threshold of the abodes of the blest.

And is there anything very strange in this? Do we not sometimes find people who seem to be able to read our very thoughts? Do we not sometimes find people who with their

strong faith are able to catch glimpses of the glory beyond the veil? But it is only glimpses, for beyond the veil there is much which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." But it is a great gift to be able to look beyond the bounds of time and catch glimpses of the eternal.

Formerly it was believed that man's fate depended upon the stars. Now we know that it is dependent on God's will. But for all this the stars have not lost their power, for when we thoughtfully and reverently look at the stars, we can see as it were the foot-prints of the Almighty. From those distant orbs there is always a touch of eternity reaching down to the abodes of earth. It is only a question whether this reflection of the eternal will remain in our eye and our soul. It remained with Star-eye, because she was an innocent and helpless child without a home or abiding place on earth. This light of eternity pales too often in our eyes, because we are too much absorbed in the things of this earth.

Now nobody knows where Star-eye is, but she must still be a child, for all this happened not long ago. You should, therefore, look for her among all good children with bright sparkling eyes. We are told that she had black hair and brown eyes, but she may have changed; you may find her among the blonde children with blue eyes. Such things do not matter much. And if you find her let me know. But do not tell her, for she has long since forgotten the dark cellar and the cruel treatment; and it is well.

O, thou innocent child! I saw thee once, I will not say where, but I saw thee, and felt thy soft arms about my neck, and I loved thee. And who should not love thee, innocent child, with the light of the infinite shining in thy clear, sparkling eyes?

C. W. Foss.

V. RYDBERG.

Peter.

(From The Last Athenian.)

Sublime doctrine of the unity of church and confession! Thou waxest up from a little mustard seed, scarcely discernible in the Scriptures, to a mighty tree, which shall overshadow the earth. Thou art bolder than any human thought, and no human wisdom has succeeded in finding anything to be compared with thee. The means, which the craftiest of the children of men have invented, for gaining power over their kind, are as nothing against thee. In thy bosom thou bearest a might, to which the peoples and kings of the earth shall bow the knee. The dominion thou canst vouchsafe, shall extend itself not only to riches, life and mortal bodies, but to souls. Thou thyself shall clip the wings of thought, and change the free eagle to an ostrich, which, tame and harnessed, is led in the way he should go. Thou shalt touch the cords to the very innermost emotions of man — terrify when thou wilt, — comfort when thou wilt. At thy nod, shall brother take up arms against brother, mother disown her child, and child its mother, bridegroom and bride turn from each other and hide their tears of anguish, as if wrung from them by a criminal desire. At thy nod shall the flames of war

and hate die out, enemy be reconciled to enemy, the lord humble himself before the slave, peace rule over the earth.

Thy chain of reasoning is wrought with diamond links, compared with which the syllogisms of philosophers are as cobwebs. With the power of inexorable necessity thou shalt force thyself upon the world and lay her in thy chains, And he who shakes these chains, — death to him, he shall be blotted out of Israel, for him are shut the gates of human fellowship and salvation, for him are lit the eternal fires of hell.

Thou lackest only one thing; a man who can use thee.

I know two that could do this. The one is Athanasius, that indomitable, wonderful, cunning, awful old man, the deadly enemy of the orthodox and the soul of heresy, never cast down or dismayed, the new Proteus who, ever the same, shows himself in a thousand forms; outlawed, banished, pursued by chariots and riders, he yet appears when one least expects him, and vanishes before one has gathered sense to seize him, who lurks in Constantinople outside the emperor's door while they are hunting him in Gaul, who is sought after in Rome, while he is hiding among the monks in the deserts of Egypt, who shows himself perhaps here at Athens, while George trembles with the rumor, that he had concealed himself in Alexandria.

Luckily Athanasius has never looked towards Rome. His exertions concern the bishopric he has so often held and lost, — Alexandria. He has not got his eyes open to the importance of Rome. Strange enough!

Strange enough and fortunate! For the other, who would else find in Athanasius too powerful a rival, is myself!

Peter left his position before the map, cast himself into an arm chair and sank into thoughts of his colossal plans for the future.

He had that very day taken a step towards his daring object. With sums, appropriated by the imperial treasure for the mission then most zealously conducted among the Goths, he had equipped two missionaries, — young priests educated to blind obedience, fanatically attached to Homoiousion, and governed to their innermost soul by Peter, and sent them, not to the bar-

barians, but to Rome, to preach Homoiousion and spread the renown of Peter among the Roman communion.

The book, which lay open on the table under the lamp's rays, was Tertullian's treatice *De Carne Christi*. He read it, not from curiosity, but to learn the language of the western church, — Latin, — to learn from this master's hard, almost wild, but powerful and transporting eloquence, the right way to use a necessary lever for his plan.

The moonlight, streaming in through the window, fell now upon his face and awakened him to the thought of duties which in respect to time lay nearer. He rang, and a man in priestly dress, who seemed to have awaited this signal, immediately presented himself.

The new comer was an undersized, broad-shouldered person, but with so short a neck, that the strangely-formed head with its black locks, seemed to be set directly between the shoulders. His low forehead formed but a sallow strip between his hair and the broad grown-together eyebrows. As the man carried his head a little bent forward, his small black eyes were turned up whenever he looked at any one, giving his countenance an expression which a liberal beholder might possibly interpret as pious and humble.

This man was Peter's most trusted confidant, Euphemius, the eldest presbyter.

The confidence between them was in reality very great, but it never caused the presbyter to forget that Peter was his superior. Euphemius did not take a seat till the bishop pointed to a chair and put a question, which he then answered in humble tone with short, explicit, counted words.

"You have to-day been with the widow Apololnia?" asked the bishop.

"I came from her sick-bed a half an hour ago."

"She dies prepared?"

"Yes."

"And her testament?"

"Is written and signed in legal form."

"You should not leavé her alone with the heirs, for it might yet happen, that — you understand?"

"George relieved me and sits now at her bed-side. She shall not be left alone a moment. She will probably expire to-morrow."

"God save her soul! She was always a pious woman. She awaits with peace and joy her dissolution?"

"Yes, praised be God!"

"And the testament?"

"To-morrow it shall be in your hands."

"The contents?"

"Ah, most worshipful father, she has neither forgotten the church, nor you, her father confessor, nor the natural claim of her relations. She has even remembered me, the noble, pious woman, with a legacy the most valuable and precious of all —"

The bishop started. A dark shadow crossed his brow, and he fastened a lightning look at the presbyter.

"*You?*" he said with a suppressed voice. "She has remembered *you* with the greatest and most precious legacy of all? Well, I wish you joy most heartily."

"Yes," answered Euphemius humbly, and his small black eyes gazed piously, but steadily, from under his broad eyebrows, into the bishop's face. "I am in truth not worthy such a fortune, but when the Lord has permitted it to fall upon me, I receive it with the deepest joy and thanksgiving."

Ah, you villain, you have then betrayed my confidence and fished in muddy water, thought the bishop, — but it shall cost you dear. "Recount," said he aloud, "the testament's separate provisions!"

"Apollonia bequeaths to the church her house in the city, a lot on Piræan street, and her lands beyond the Melitian gate; in a word, her entire real estate."

"The pious, excellent woman! It shall be repaid her a thousand-fold above. But continue!"

"To you, her shepherd and confessor, she gives her ready money, together with all her gold and silver —"

"I am unworthy such goodness," said the bishop, walking to and fro over the floor, "but pass by this and continue!"

"Her relations, who consist of an aged sister, an unmarried niece, and a little nephew five years old, have been remembered with the remaining personal property: furniture, household utensils and a female slave."

"And yourself?" exclaimed the bishop, as he again stood before Euphemius and regarded him with a searching look.

It would be impossible to describe the expression in the short-necked presbyter's face as he sat at that moment with folded arms and bowed head, the strange eyes gazing up between their lashes steadfastly at Peter. Those eyes shot a flash, — whether of anger or joy is hard to say. He sighed and answered.

"Ah, my loved bishop, your humble servant blushes over his unworthiness. I could not imagine such a fortune. But I have known you to little purpose, if I could believe that you would suspect, that I by persuasion or other means have induced the good widow, to the disadvantage of the church or yourself, but for my own gain — "

"Good, good!" interrupted the bishop, casting a crushing look upon his short-necked companion. "What does the widow's testament give you?"

With a new sigh, which smacked strongly of secret bitterness, the short-necked answered as he cast down his eyes.

"The noble Apollonia, in return for the trifling but sincere offices with which I surrounded her sick-bed, has named me as the possessor of her dearest treasure — three hairs from the beard of the holy martyr Polycarp, preserved in a glass bottle."

"Oh, enviable man!" exclaimed the bishop with hypocritical rapture, while a smile of contempt, he could not restrain, played around his lips.

"I am in truth to be envied," chimed in Euphemius, biting his nails.

"I should wish to exchange with you," continued the bishop, "were it not our holy duty to fulfil to the letter the testament of the pious Apollonia."

"Nay, nay, I will not exchange, you must not exact too much from me, oh father. I will not exchange."

"But now to another matter," continued the bishop with an

appeased expression, pacing up and down the long, narrow room. "You were to visit Baruk, the Jew, this forenoon."

"I found him at home."

"And you induced him to disclose what we wish to know."

"Yes, after some difficulty."

"I impressed upon you how to go to work, and left the rest to your shrewdness. How much does Charmides owe him?"

Euphemius took a paper from under his cloak, and handed it to the bishop. The latter glanced over it, and exclaimed:

"He is a fearful spendthrift. This cannot last long."

"Just what I said to Baruk."

"With what effect?"

"When I pointed out the possibility that the securities he held would not be sufficient to protect him against loss, he turned pale as a corpse and trembled."

"Aha?"

"He will press Charmides very hard."

"You are assured of this?"

"Yes."

"Excellent, my good Euphemius. Has Charmides been seen in Athenagoras' company?"

"Yes, he and certain others of the lost young heathen of Athens, have been seen late at night or towards morning, departing from Athenagoras' house."

"That is good. This Athenagoras is a sower and his way through the lands a furrow, in which despair and the pangs of conscience spring up. But the harvest, please God, often gives the purest seed into the store house of Christendom. On this account may he continue his work. The Lord turneth evil into good."

"Alas, the proconsul also has been seen in Athenagoras' —"

"We will not speak of the proconsul, my son. He has his failings, as well as his great merits. Let us return to Charmides! Have you obtained more of the information I require concerning this unhappy young man?"

"Somewhat, my father."

"Let us hear!"

"Alcmene speaks occasionally with the pretty slave boy he bought."

"I know — at a fabulous price. All Athen talks about it. But go on! What has Alcmene learned from the boy?"

"Only that his master is awfully gloomy, when left alone. He drinks at such times intoxicating wines, disdaining to mix them with water. There are days when he locks himself in and allows no one to see him except his waiting slave. He then broods over sorrowful thoughts and drinks incessantly. But otherwise he avoids solitude, passing his days in wild company, from which he generally escorts home those infamous beauties. Myro and Praxinoa, who conduct and rule his house like mistresses, command the slaves, arrange banquets, turn everything upside down, and commit the most horrible follies. I shudder at the very thought of such a life, my father."

"Well may you. Capital, capital!" muttered Peter, and then added, "you have spoken of the young girl, who is waiting maid to Chrysanteus' daughter. What is her name?"

"Alcmene."

"Have you met her to-day?"

"Yes. She expressed conscientious scruples at having to conceal her faith and unite in the heathenish customs of her master's house."

"You pacified her with the assurance that she is offering herself up for a good object?"

"Yes, and I promised her absolution from yourself."

"She shall receive it. What had she this time to tell?"

"Very little."

"Nothing of their mysterious absence from Athens?"

"She has endeavored to draw her mistress out on this very point. It seems to have been only a pleasure trip."

"Among the guests who visit Chrysanteus' house, is there still no one especially favored by Hermione?"

"No. Hermione seems really to mean what she in confidence told Alcmene, that she shall devote her whole life to her father."

"And in respect to Charmides?"

V. RYDBERG.

"Chrysanteus has forbidden him his house."

"That is an old story."

"And Hermione has forbidden Alcmene to speak his name.'

"That means more," muttered the bishop, "but is, if I judge rightly, a good sign. Such a woman does not easily forget. They have loved each other from childhood—and Charmides is a devil incarnate with his seductive ways. Euphemius," he added aloud, "this Alcmene seems to be unfit for her place."

"No," replied Euphemius with decision, "she is uncommonly wise and crafty."

"And has nevertheless not succeeded in winning her mistress full confidence."

"I shall give her new rules of conduct."

"Especially in respect to Charmides!"

"Yes, my father."

"Have they never discovered any trace of the tender boy, Hermione's brother, who sixteen years ago vanished from their house?"

"Probably not. Chrysanteus still laments him. He is still, says Alcmene, the object of the prayers father and daughter every evening send up together to their impotent gods; and Hermione never forgets to tell Alcmene, when she has dreamed of her brother. For it is a delightful dream to her."

"Alcmene says this?"

"Yes, these are her words."

"You have not been to Theodorus since morning?"

"No, not since I carried food to him."

"His stubbornness gives me the greatest distress. I hope, however, that the means we now employ, will break it."

"He was still full of blasphemy this morning, my father "

"Fifteen hours have flown by since then. The hours have been long ones for him. He has had time for reflection. When you visit him in prison, early to-morrow morning, place a jar of water outside the grated door, so that he can see, but not reach it. God will do the same to me and more also, if I do not quell the rebellious spirit in this perverse son!"

"Amen!" muttered Euphemius.

"The evening is far spent. Go now to rest. But first tell Clemens, I am ready."

"I will. I wish you a pleasant night, my father!"

The short-necked disappeared through a door leading to the peristyle.

W. W. Thomas, Jr.

R. GUSTAFSSON.

The Children's Little Story Book.

(From Vacation Days)

In the great city of London, in a big house with beautiful ornaments over the windows, there lived a young merchant. Everywhere in the house there was only splendid new furniture to be seen, and all the floors were covered with soft and beautiful carpets — red, blue and green, and with a profusion of woven flowers strewn over them, so that you might almost have fancied that you were treading a meadow on a summer's day, with all the little buttercups and daisies at your feet. In a little room in this house there stood an antique bookcase, of walnut wood, with small, old-fashioned panes of glass, in a richly-carved frame-work, and on the shelves were arrayed several rows of books, faded and worn.

Many of the young merchant's friends pointed to the old bookcase, and said: "Why do you keep such an ugly old piece of lumber?" But he always answered: "It is an heir-loom of my mother's, and she begged me to keep it in remembrance of olden times."

Still, the young man himself never cared to read the old shabby books, because he had in his study an elegant modern bookcase, full of new books.

One day the merchant, accompanied by his old housekeeper, went to the old case, and told her: "Now, Kate, you must take

all these books and send them to the bookbinder; he must make them all as handsome as possible — new coverings, with gold impressions on the back." "Oh, dear me, why must the old missus' books be made so fine now?" the housekeeper inquired.

"Well, you see, Kate, my mother often told me that when one day I would marry I was to make my wife a present of the bookcase and all its contents, on our wedding day; the books would bring a mother's blessing, she said. I promised her to do so, and I will keep my word, but I cannot very well present my future wife with the books as they now look, and that's the reason why the bookbinder must make them as handsome as he can."

When the books heard this they felt very glad that such sudden good fortune should have befallen them; and that's not to be wondered at, for they had now remained on the shelves for many years without anybody caring for them; except maybe old Kate glanced furtively at their backs whilst she was dusting them.

"I hope she won't forget to take me away, too," said a little book which had fallen down beeind the shelves, and in the mishap had one of its covers torn off.

"You had better remain where you are," interpolated, with aristocratic condescension, an historical novel, which was very proud of its pedigree, for it was all about a king and queen, and consequently had royal blood in its veins.

"'Tis only we celebrities that are to have our names printed in gold by the bookbinder," apostrophized a book of poetry, that considered itself the greatest in the whole collection, though long ago out of date.

"At least one ought to be of some use in this world," gurgled the cookery book. and gave herself an air of superiority at the mere thought of all the delicious things she could offer to the world.

The children's little story book — for it was just such a one that had dropped behind the shelf — had not a word to say, for it was modest, and knew it was best to hold its tongue in such a distinguished company. But it thought to itself, "It would be dreadful if I should not be allowed to accompany the others to get a new cover, if ever so plain."

At that moment Kate returned and brought the porter with her, who carried a large basket. All the books were put into it.

The historical novel, the poems, the cookery book, and all the others arranged on the shelves were placed one on the top of another — but the children's little story book remained there without being noticed. It was nearly choking, poor little thing, when the porter went away with the basket, and it would have liked to have cried, but it could not produce a tear, for it was dry as parchment with the dust and neglect of many years.

"Nay, see, there is still one left dangling there," Kate ejaculated, as she saw the little book, while dusting the bare shelves. "Well, it did not matter if that thing went with the others or not. I will put it into my pocket and take it up to my room; it may be of some use."

The next night the little story book was lying in old Kate's chest of drawers, but it could get no rest, for it was ever thinking of the other books that were allowed to be taken to the bookbinder, and were expected to be presented to the young bride on her wedding day. The little thing was quite in despair, thinking it would not be allowed in the antique bookcase, from where it might have such a good view of the young bride, who was said to be very pretty. She would feel glad of the newly-bound books, and read them all, while the little story book, with its old and torn cover, very likely was destined for but a sorry future.

"I must tell this to old Kate, who, without permission, has taken me away from the bookcase," thought the little story book. And as it was thinking, the leaves in the book began to stir. All the fabulous heroes marched forward, and halted before the bedstead where old Kate was lying asleep. Birds and butterflies circled around the pillows; toads and frogs were leaping over each other at her feet; and lizards and serpents writhed about on the counterpane. The book emptied all its legendary contents of goblins, men and animals, and they were all alive, on the quilt and on the floor around old Kate, who was still sleeping. There was such a rustling noise that it was really unbearable; but

still the old woman did not wake — she only moved uneasily, tormented in her sleep.

When Kate arose the next morning, and saw the story book, she groaned and said: "Heaven defend me from having you here another night!" And she took the book with her when she went down stairs to dust the rooms. But as the leaves were so badly torn and worn she did not care to send it to the bookbinder, or place it on the shelves, but just put it back again, exactly as before, behind one of the shelves, hanging it by its ragged old cover.

"There, you may hang and frighten people with your goblins, just as you like, you little wretch!" old Kate said and went away.

Soon the newly-bound books returned home, and they were all so stiff and starched in their backs, and had got so splendid new clothing. Some of them were purple, others blue, green or brown, and all had golden embellishments and high-sounding titles, so that everybody might see what grand folks they were.

"'Tis only nobodies that are without a title," said the historical novel.

"'Tis true. But if one has a titled name, and some starch in the back, and gold-stitched clothing, the world takes notice that one is not of the common lot," added the poems.

When all the books were arranged in a splendid show, and they got a sight of the little story book, they all laughed at once "at the poor thing that could not even show a respectable coat."

An old novel that was nearest to it complained of bad company, and hoped that the young mistress would soon observe the disgraceful waif, and turn it out of their house.

The day after the wedding, the merchant took his wife into the little room where the bookcase stood. She clapped her hands with delight, and said joyously: "Why, look at Auntie's old bookcase."

"Yes, my mother wished that I would make a wedding present of it to my wife, and now 'tis yours, sweet Mary," he said.

"Oh, your mother knew that one day I should become your wife. Often when I sat with her, and read in her books, she used to say: "When you, Mary, and your cousin Adolphus are

married, you will think of me when you take a book from that bookcase."

"So we will, my dear."

"But these surely are not your mother's old books?"

"I have had them done up and rebound for you, Mary."

"That was a pity. I should have known them better if they had remained as they were."

This the gorgeous books thought very stupidly spoken; but the heart of the little story book beat for very joy, tic, tac, tic, tic — and it would so have liked to call out, "Here I am, jolly as ever." But it dared not speak, so nobody observed it.

The time that now arrived was one of incessant pleasures and great happiness for the young wife, so she quite forgot the old bookcase and its contents. But this happy time did not last very long, for soon the husband began to go alone to public places of amusement, and Mary felt very lonely in the big house. Then she would sometimes go to the old bookcase, and take down a book to read, and in so doing she would sigh so despondently that it cut the little story book to the heart. Late one night she came with a lamp to look at the titles, but none seemed to please her. At last she took down the old novel, the neighbor of the story book, when the light fell upon the torn old cover that was hanging down behind the shelf, and she said: "Which one can that be, that has fallen down behind?" With her slender fingers she gently liberated the little story book, and brought it forth to the table. There she opened it, and her eyes were beaming with joy. "Oh, it is you, little darling, friend of my childhood!" she whispered and kissed the little story book, and the balmly kisses restored memory to the little story book, so that it now perfectly well remembered her when she was a little girl, who used to come to her old aunt, and would always ask her to show her the pictures in the story book. She was now no longer a girl, but her eyes were the same as before, and by them the little story book recognized her.

During the whole night the lady did nothing but read in the little torn book, to the great annoyance of the stuck-up books, that from afar beheld all the caresses the lady of the

house abundantly bestowed upon the dear friend of her childhood.

"She has no taste," gurgled the cookery book.

"She aims not for a spiritual life," affectedly spoke a sanctimonious, thick volume.

"You can't expect any poetical feelings in the wife of a merchant," sneered the poems and looked awfully aristocratic.

Every one of the books had different spiteful remarks to make, and they all agreed that it was a shame that they should be put aside for that ridiculous thing. The only one which ventured on a remonstrance was a little hymn book, which said: "Kind friends, perhaps you are not in the right, for real worth lies in the heart, and not in appearance."

The lady of the house had no eyes for anything but the little story book of her childhood. She read one story after another, and sometimes she would smile, and sometimes a tear would glisten in her eye. Sometimes she would fancy she was still a little girl, sitting on a stool at the feet of her old aunt, when she used to feel so happy; but then she would remember that happiness had already forsaken her in her married life, and big tears would trickle down her cheeks. Suddenly she lit upon a page in the book where it said:

> "If fate is severe in the trials of life
> Call to mind that with faith and true love,
> Howe'er great the toil of the troublous strife,
> If not here, we find sure joy above."

"Yes, I feel it to be so," she softly whispered, and smiled through her tears. When she retired to rest she put the little book under her pillow, and that night she had happy and beautiful dreams.

One day the merchant came home, looking very pale. He usually locked himself in his room when he was in a bad humor, but now he remained sitting in the parlor, covering his face with his hands.

Mary took heart and went to him: "Adolphus, do tell me what it is that makes you so sad?"

"I can no longer conceal it from you," he answered, quite crushed in spirit; "we are ruined. Nothing remains of our old fortune. Nothing! Do you understand?"

Mary sank down in a chair and cried bitterly; but when her eyes rested upon Adolphus she forgot her own troubles in trying to comfort her husband.

Shortly after this the young couple had to leave their fashionable home in the splendid part of town, and remove to a small, humble abode far out in the suburbs.

All their expensive furniture and carpets were sold at auction; yes, even the antique bookcase, and all the newly-bound books were dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer. Only the child's story book was Mary allowed to keep, for it had "no value," said the appraiser, when taking the inventory for the auction.

A few weeks after Adolphus and Mary had removed to their poor new home, a little boy was born to them.

"He brings true happiness with him," whispered Mary to her husband; but he shook his head mournfully.

"Do not doubt," she resumed, "I feel happier now than before, for now I have got you back, and you are my own again, Adolphus."

"But I can give you no happiness now," said Adolphus, sighing.

"Oh, yes, you can. Sit down by my side and take my hand in yours. And now you shall read something for me."

"But I have no book."

"Under my pillow is one I love."

Adolphus took out the little story book. When he recognized it he quite blushed for shame, for he had not seen it since he was a child, and a thousand unpleasant thoughts from the past crowded upon his memory.

"Open it where the book-mark is," Mary said, softly. "There is a verse in the middle of the page; read that to me!"

Adolphus obeyed her, and read aloud with a slightly trembling voice:

"If fate is severe in the trials of life,
Call to mind that with faith and true love,
Howe'er great the toil of the troublous strife,
If not here, we find sure joy above."

"It is the voice of our dear mother speaking to us again," Mary said and smiled. "Do you now believe he brings happiness with him?" she asked, and pointed to the little baby in the cradle.

"Yes, I believe it," he answered meekly, and knelt by her side, kissing both his wife and her child.

Such a happy moment the little story book had never experienced before; it felt so jolly that it bounced on the table, and tumbled down on the floor. But, though it did not hurt itself, it was immediately taken up, and now there were two who loved the happy keepsake of their childhood.

From that moment blessing came to them in their new home.

It seemed as though new life coursed through the heart and veins of the young father, and he went to his work with ever-increasing zest. The baby was christened "Peter" in affectionate remembrance of the little boy in the story book who was such a lucky lad. The little story book itself was treated to a fine, new purple cover, with a golden title, both on the sides and back, and the edges of the leaves were all gilded, so that when the little story book was closed it was clear to every one that its contents were as good as real gold. But the little book did not become conceited for all that; on the contrary, it was with heart-felt delight that it allowed little Peter, as he was growing up, to read all its stories. And anyone who will take a delight in gladdening little children's lives is like this little story book, which had not an atom of pride in its heart.

ALBERT ALBERG.

A. HEDENSTJERNA.

Struggles.

His mother and sister Julia lived in a little town where there was no railway, where no prima donnas ever came to sing, and where no new fashions were introduced until they had become old everywhere else.

His mother's name was Mrs. Stark, and consequently that of his sister Miss Stark. Their home consisted of only two little rooms and a kitchen, because papa dear did not need any room for his own part; for several years his bedroom had been out west of the city, where the slumberer's dreams are never disturbed and where the sun every spring weaves new green curtains about the trunks of the lindens. Papa had been a carpenter and an unceasing laborer, and more so than ever after the time Emil had begun his studies at the university. It takes such an amount of money before a person learns enough to practice law. And Mr. Stark never thought of using the means he had saved for his wife and Julia, but when it was a question of furnishing Emil with means no scruples must stand in the way. What was for him to do then? Why, to do the work of two men, and to lay aside his after-dinner pipe, and have his Sunday coat turned once more, though it had already outlasted the administrations of two ministers and three mayors in the little city. And when a Mr. Falk, a good friend of his and a shoemaker by trade, called of Saturday evenings and asked if

Mr. Stark would not like to join him and a few others and drink a toddy at the tavern, there was only one thing to do — to be politic and stoutly decline.

Now, while old Mr. Stark made chairs and tables and stirred about in the damp workroom till late in the night, he began, unknowingly, to hammer away at his own coffin, and before he was aware of it, he had it finished, and his fellow townsmen no longer saw his old white hair tufts through the shop window.

Emil came home and looked very smart in his new black frock, which had been bought from the proceeds of papa's last job, and he wept very much and embraced his mamma and Julia, and promised that he would soon be their support, and that he would hurry up with his law course.

Afterwards two of them sat by the little back window with the geranium. And between them was a sewing machine which buzzed diligently and sang merrily: "Emil studies — nickenick-enick — Emil comes — nickenickenick — Emil graduates — nick-etenicketenicketenick." And the geranium faded and bloomed again, and mamma faded without blooming any more, and Miss Julia became thin and pale, and got such a severe pain in her back when she had sat by the little window year after year and tramped the machine.

Sometimes the machine became silent and a tallow dip was placed on the table and lit in the middle of the forenoon. And miss Julia came from the savings bank with bright, new bills, which mamma stroked and blessed and at last placed in a large envelope, which Julia sealed in five places with red sealing-wax.

How long and difficult a law course must be!

The money reached Svea Street No. 24, where Emil frequently entertained some good friend.

"What a lucky scamp you are! The rhino in the very nick of time! I must say that your mamma is a pearl among all that bears the name of mamma."

"Oh, she is just right, that can't be denied. Now we must out and have something for our inner man, and then we will meet the other boys at the Braxen to-night."

But when mamma had sent the large letter with the pretty bills, she sighed again and gave Miss Julia twelve cents:

"We better have herring for dinner to-day, too, my little tot."

When the little bank account began to be well nigh exhausted, evening strollers might have seen two female figures by the sewing machine in the window at later and later hours of the night; and the elder head kept growing white and furrowed, while the young head grew pale and thin. And as a never ceasing stream of white linen flowed from the machine, the latter must at last have grown weary, too, for he did not sing as merrily as before.

And sometimes rapturous brides bringing with them a flood of joy and dazzle came to their little room. Miss Julia was to prepare their trousseau, and it seemed as if she got in the bargain a touch of their superabundant joy.

But when the young sunny faces had nodded "good bye" to her and disappeared behind the door, Miss Julia thought long thoughts while she sat and fashioned the linen rolls into napkins, embroidered pillow slips, and all possible things.

* *

There was a little red-bordered cloth for a tea table, just right for two. What would be the sensation if one could have the privilege of spreading this cloth on a little table before a dainty sofa, from the corner of which a pair of loving warm eyes greedily followed the motion of the little hand as it placed the tea things in order?

Daintiest Hollands, rich laces, colored ribbons around néck and arms! Beneath those things should beat a happy, a very happy maiden's heart.

Well, now, Miss Julia, you poor, doting thing! Look up, smarting eyes, and see that the seam is made straight. Tramp briskly, you little aching foot! Emil needs money —

On the opposite side of the table joyous rosy dreams still gambol through a head crowned with snow. The weaker the poor old eyes become the farther they look out into time. What! Does the old lady dream? What fanciful jugglery is it

that now conjures up a little frozen autumn smile on her withered lips?

* *

Yes, Emil has passed through his law course with great honors, and he is now a lawyer in a large, a very large city, with as much as four or five thousand inhabitants. His mamma lives in the warmest room of his residence. Her son gives a dinner to his distinguished friends.

"Come now, mamma dear."

"No, Emil, I won't go in among your stylish guests."

"But, mamma, do come! The governor is waiting for my mother."

"Ah! — Emil — Emil." And so he places her shrunken little hand on his strong arm and leads her out into the dining hall, with joy beaming in his eyes and with pride on his brow, for he is not a bit ashamed of his old mamma. And the stylish gentlemen bow to their host's mother. Oh, Emil — Emil!

* *

"Mamma, the wood is all gone, and I am not paid yet for our last work."

"What is it, child? What did you say? I had such a lovely dream —"

* *

Fill the goblet, fill the goblet!
Drink to love and friendship, drink!

Thus the sleepy voice is droning through an open window in an upper story of No. 24 Svea Street. With flushed face and heavy eyes he is groping about for candles and matches. Sure enough, he succeeded at last! But — what on earth! — a telegram! And he who had been dining out all day!

"Mamma sick. Wants to see you. Come home at once!"

He grew pale as a corpse, and his lips trembled. A telegram that cost a whole dollar, from his poor home! That could not have been sent for a slight case; that he knew. Alas! It was death — death that came for her who had sacrificed all, even

before he had caused her anything but grief! And he had not seen her for three years. He did not have a cent to pay his fare. He tried to borrow; he begged and wept and raved. But he was everywhere met with a shrug and a muttering: "I know you too well, my friend!"

"Why, you haven't redeemed your watch yet. Ah, don't now, come with any new stories!"

At last he had scraped together the required sum.

What a trip! He crouched down in a corner of the car, turned up his coat collar and bit his lips so that the conductor should not hear his sobs, and looked at his watch every second minute so as to figure out when he would reach his destination.

And then ten miles in a sleigh. His thoughts ran ahead of him, and he saw Julia suffused in tears standing in the door mutely pointing to the inner room; and there he saw very plainly how his dear mamma lay stiff and cold. And cold perspiration stood on his brow, and every fiber in his body trembled with anguish.

There at last was the little city, and there the yellow house, and the geranium stood in the window as before — but the two female forms were gone, both the old one and the young one.

With the supplicating looks of a condemned criminal he met Julia's eyes and read that mamma was still alive.

"But hush, Emil, mamma is out of her head! It will soon be over —"

He tottered up to the bed and hid his face.

"Oh — there he is — Emil — dear boy. Thanks — my own — dear child! Julia — st— step in to — to Mrs. Johnson's at once and tell her that Emil is now a real — real lawyer. And — and you have come to get us now — I don't want any large room — Emil — only a little — corner — where I can pray God to bless my boy and — reward him — and then you must — be real good to Julia. Poor girl — she can't help that she ain't as fine and gifted as you. Do they all know now that — you are — a r—eal lawyer? Oh — let me sleep a little."

It became silent all at once. Emil raised his tearful face.

Poor old mamma had moved to a place where no more hopes are baffled.

But she has sisters left. Patient, suffering, confiding sisters. Be good to them, O young people!

P. H. Pearson.

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